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Taylor, "Lord Kenedy," the Bigamist.

ROBERT TAYLOR, a plebeian youth who assumed the name of "Lord Kenedy," was tried and convicted at the Summer Quarter Sessions, Durham, in 1840. The offence for which he was indicted was polygamy. He was only between nineteen and twenty years of age; yet, up to the date of the trial, six of his marriages had come to the knowledge of the police of the North of England, and it was believed that the number was much larger. His plan seems to have been in all cases to practise first on the cupidity of his own sex, by holding out a pecuniary reward to any one who would procure him a suitable alliance, and then, by representing himself to be of aristocratic birth, and heir to extensive possessions, to dazzle and win over the victims of his frauds.

Taylor's course of wickedness was arrested in April, 1840, at Hetton-le-Hole, where he was taken into custody by Superintendent Ingo, as he was passing through the village with Mary Davison, of Aycliffe, near Darlington, whom he had married at Acklam, in Yorkshire. This poor girl had fallen into his snares through the avarice of her brother-in-law, a Primitive Methodist minister. Taylor had offered a reward of ten pounds to any person who would find him a religious wife; for the fellow professed to be "decidedly pious." The reward was coveted by a person named Fryer, who gave him the choice of his two sisters-in-law, one of whom was Mary Davison, a girl of eighteen or nineteen. Fryer, however, not only failed to obtain the reward, but was swindled out of twelve pounds by the roguish adventurer, who borrowed that sum of him under some fair pretext.

The youthful rascal had represented himself to be a

son of Lord Kenedy, of Ashby Hall, Lincolnshire. When he was apprehended, several of the documents, by means of which he had supported his assumed character, were found in his possession. The chief of these was a will written on parchment by a clerly hand. We give a copy:—

This is the last will and testament of me, the Right Honourable Lord John Kenedy, of Ashby Hall, in the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the county of Leicester.

In the first place, I give and bequeath unto Robert Taylor, the son of Elizabeth Taylor, single woman, one million and fifteen thousand pounds three per cent. consols and no more; four coal pits, one of which runs under six acres of land, another runs under twenty-four acres of land, and another runs under fifty acres of land, and another runs under one hundred and fifty acres of land; connected therewith, all my waggons, engines, engine-houses, machinery, horses, houses, and the whole of my property at West Brammage, in the county of Stafford; and the coal-pits, houses, and salt manufactories, &c., and a park, with the land connected therewith, containing two thousand acres of land, situated at Preston Grange, near Edinburgh; two blast furnaces, one forge and iron, six ironstone pits, two quarries and the machinery, &c., with coal-pits, which contain four hundred acres of land, situated at Penny Carr, in South Wales; Salmon Hall, near Dublin; and all and singular my household furniture, plate, linen, china, jewellery, books, and instruments, and buildings connected therewith; one cotton manufactory at Holywell, Flintshire; two woollen manufactories at Newport, Montgomeryshire, North Wales; one brig named Maria, a ship named Helen, and a schooner named John Welsh, &c. And I do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint John Nicholson, Thomas Johnson, and Mrs. Robinson, guardians of the said Robert Taylor, &c., &c.

Dated, 22nd September, 1829.

KENEDY (L.S.)

SAMUEL ROBINSON { Clerk to James Lee
and John Turner.
WILLIAM COWEY, barrister.

An indenture, written on paper, certified that the will was perfectly correct; that the name of the said Robert Taylor was marked on his right arm, with the figure

of a soldier, and on his left arm, an anchor and mermaid; that his eyes were blue, his hair dark, his countenance "rather expressive," and his height five feet four inches and three quarters. A third document was an agreement on the part of Lord Kenedy, the young man's alleged father, to allow Mr. Robinson £100 a year, and £1 a week, for taking care of Robert Taylor till he came of age; and it was also provided that, if he should marry whilst he was a minor, his guardian was to give him £700, and allow him £150 a year till he was twenty-one. A fourth paper was an account from Thomas Leng, for engrossing copy of a will and certificate on parchment, £1 5s. A fifth was a bill of £1 2s. 6d. due to Richard Armstead, of Whitehaven, Cumberland, for copies of documents. These papers may afford a clue to the manner in which Taylor contrived to get up the "last will and testament," &c. The next document was a declaration of birth, parentage, and marriage, made at Sunderland before a Master Extraordinary in Chancery, April 16, 1840, to enable him to claim the aforesaid sum and annuity from his trustees. There was also a form of proposal from "Robert Taylor, Esq.," to the General Reversionary and Investment Company, London, for a loan of £500 till he came of age. The budget further contained the following papers:—An indenture of apprenticeship, dated January 25, 1831, binding Taylor, "a poor child of 13 years, from Fatsfield, in the county of Durham," to Samuel Dobbs, of Bilton, Staffordshire, sweep and collier, till he should be 21 years of age. A memorandum of agreement between Taylor and Mary Ann Wilson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to marry in three months from October 16, 1839; Taylor to forfeit £20,000 if he married any other woman, and Wilson to forfeit "one-third of her yearly salary per annum," if she proved faithless. A memorandum of a loan of £4 from George Wilson, Mary Ann's father, with an engagement on the part of Taylor to repay it with £1 interest. A letter from Mr. Ralph Walters, dated November 7, 1839, addressed to Mr. George Wilson, tobacconist, Gallowgate, Newcastle, threatening legal proceedings if Taylor's wife, Mary Ann, was kept back from him, as he was thereby prevented from going to London and obtaining valuable property. The license used at Acklam, April 4, 1840, when he married Mary Davison. A letter from Benjamin Fryer, Superintendent Minister of the Primitive Methodist Connexion at Stockton, to the London Mission of the Hull Circuit, introducing Taylor as a member from Middlesbrough, and recommending him to pastoral care. A memorandum of agreement between Fryer and Taylor, the former consenting to lend the latter "£22 3s. sterling for his own use and benefit," to be repaid one month after date. A Wesleyan Methodist's class-leader's book, dated Stockton, 1831; a Primitive Methodist class ticket, dated March, 1840; two Wesleyan Association tickets; a Wesleyan Methodist ticket, dated March, 1840; a Birmingham teetotal

pledge; a Sunderland teetotal ticket; and an anti-tobacco pledge.

But the most curious of the papers found upon this remarkable impostor was the following, which we give in full:—

A memorandum of an agreement made between Robert Taylor, Esq., son of the late Lord Kenedy, of Ashby Hall, in the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and those he may engage as servants:—

It is agreed by and on the part of the said servants, and they severally hereby engage to serve in the said several capacities against their respective names expressed, which is to be employed in the said hall.

The Rules and Regulations of the said House.—We, the undersigned servants, do promise Robert Taylor and his said house-steward that we will not use intoxicating liquors, such as rum, ale, wine, porter, cyder, distilled pepperment, and will not give or offer them to others, except prescribed by a physician or in a religious ordinance, so long as we are in the employ of the said Robert Taylor; and any person found using intoxicating liquors after this pledge being signed by them shall forfeit their wages which are due, which shall be paid into the Society of Total Abstinence for the good of the cause.

Dated, April 16, 1840.

Signed by ROBERT TAYLOR.

| | |
|---|-----|
| J. R. Whitfield, Sunderland, house-steward..... | £70 |
| Vacant, butler | — |
| Vacant, under-butler | 25 |
| Sept. Davis, New Durham, lord's footman | 35 |
| Vacant, lady's footman | 30 |
| Vacant, common footman | 20 |
| Matthew Craggs, Durham, head-coachman | 60 |
| George Thornton, Durham, under-coachman | — |
| Francis Morrison, Newbottle, head-gamekeeper | 60 |
| William Johnson, Newbottle, under-gamekeeper | — |
| Richard Steward, Newbottle, postillion..... | 20 |
| Matthew Bowey, Houghton, head-groom | 60 |
| Vacant, second-groom | 40 |
| Vacant, third-groom | 20 |
| James Gray, Philadelphia, fourth-groom | 15 |
| James Reed, Hetton-le-Hole, stable-boy | 10 |
| Edward Henston, Durham, four helpers, 16s. per week each..... | — |
| Thomas Ord, Newbottle, chapel-keeper | 52 |
| Vacant, man-cook | — |
| William Milner, Hetton-le-Hole, butcher | — |
| Vacant, housekeeper..... | — |
| Elizabeth Modson, Newbottle Lane, lady's maid..... | 20 |
| Vacant, second lady's maid..... | — |
| Margret Whitfield, Sunderland, head lodge attendant..... | — |
| Ann Milburn Orwin, Sunderland, second lodge attendant | — |
| Vacant, third lodge attendant | — |
| Vacant, fourth lodge attendant..... | — |
| W. T. Collins, Spring Garden Lane (duty not stated) | 20 |
| T. Orwin, 4, Sussex Street, Sunderland, head-gardener and preacher..... | 60 |

The following situations in the impostor's establishment were declared vacant:—"Cook, store-room maid, housemaid, second housemaid, laundry-maid, kitchen-maid, scullery-maid, park-cleaner, dairy-maid, chaplain, and joiner." As his colliery viewers, George Charlton, of Houghton, was to go into Staffordshire, at a salary of £200; Robinson Charlton, of Philadelphia, into Leicestershire, at £100; William Bailey, of Hetton-le-Hole, into Leicestershire, at £500. Besides these, there was a list of all kinds of other appointments to offices connected with collieries in Staffordshire, Leicestershire, Scotland, and Wales.

The trial of the prisoner commenced at Durham on Monday, the 29th of June, 1840. But instead of a handsome, seductive gallant, there stood before the court a shabby-looking individual, with a face not merely ordinary, but ugly. He was evidently much amused at the sensation which his appearance produced, and joined in the smiles of the bystanders. He was perfectly unabashed, and conducted himself throughout the trial with the utmost ease and unconcern. Yet there was nothing that could be called determinedly bold and impudent in his manner.

Mr. Scruton, the Deputy-Clerk of the Peace, read the indictment, which charged that the prisoner, Robert Taylor, late of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, was married at Birmingham, on the 22nd of July, 1838, to Sarah Ann Skidmore; that on the 19th of October, 1839, the prisoner feloniously intermarried with Mary Ann Wilson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, his first wife being alive; and that, on the 4th of April, 1840, he feloniously intermarried with Mary Davison, at Acklam, in Yorkshire, his first wife being then also alive. Mr. Granger conducted the prosecution; the prisoner was undefended by counsel.

John Wood, a waggoner, of Birmingham, was called to prove the first marriage of which the authorities had any knowledge. It appeared that this witness met the prisoner in Birmingham in 1838. The prisoner told Wood he was heir to £60,000 a-year, under the will of his father, Lord Kenedy. In proof of this assertion he produced papers. He said he had a great wish to be married to a respectable young lady, and that he would, if the witness could introduce him to such a one, make him a handsome present. Wood introduced him to Miss Sarah Ann Skidmore, and to her father, who was a shopkeeper. The documents were shown to the young lady and her parents; the license and the wedding-ring were procured; and the couple were married the next morning. Shortly after, the prisoner went to London to settle his affairs. He subsequently returned and lived with his wife; but he had not been married more than six or seven weeks when he deserted her altogether. As the prisoner was undefended, the court asked him if he had any questions to put to the witness. Prisoner: "I'll ax him one or two. I axed you if you knew a decent girl as wanted a husband, and you said you did; you knew as how one Sarah Ann Skidmore wished to be married, and I told you I'd advertised, and offered a reward of £10. You took me to Benjamin Skidmore. Now, are you sure as how he saw the dockyments?" Witness: "Yes, quite sure; you showed him a document stating that you would have £60,000 a year when you came of age." Prisoner's mother (from the middle of the court): "Robert, tell them thou's under age, and thy marriage can't stand good." The prisoner gave a lordly wave of his hand, accompanied by a significant gesture, intimating to his maternal parent to leave the

management of the case to his superior skill. Then, turning to the witness, he said, "Are you sure that you yourself saw the will?" Witness: "Yes." Prisoner: "No, it was not the will; it was only the certiket of my guardians to show who I was, and what property was coming to me."

Here Mr. Granger produced a tin case, which was a pitman's candle-box, bearing the following inscription: "Robert Taylor, otherwise Lord Kenedy." From this case the learned counsel drew the "dockyments." The "will" was rich alike in its bequests and its odours. It was a foul and filthy affair to look upon and to approach.

Mary Davison, a neat, modest-looking girl, then detailed the circumstances which led to her marriage with the prisoner. The latter, she said, was introduced to her at the house of her father, on the 4th of April, by Benjamin Fryer, her brother-in-law, who was a preacher among the Primitive Methodists. The latter said he had known the prisoner some time, and he recommended him as a pious young man whom he had brought to the house on purpose to marry her. The prisoner said he was the son of Lord Kenedy, and the moment he arrived in London with a wife he would have £700, and £20 a year till he was of age, when he would have £60,000 per annum. He showed her several documents, one of which was a certificate that he was Lord Kenedy's son, and would have £60,000 a year when he came of age. He had previously seen her unmarried sister, whom he rejected in favour of her. They were married by license the very next morning. They lived together three weeks, during which time the prisoner made several attempts to get away; and many times, in the night, he had endeavoured to take the ring off her finger. While they were together, he lived upon the money which he borrowed from her brother-in-law, to whom he owed £22.

The prisoner addressed the Court at considerable length in his defence, giving a rambling account of his various migrations, with some amusing particulars of his marriages and courtships, whereby he wished to make it appear that all the young ladies he came near wanted to marry him, and that he had been in every instance inveigled into wedlock for the sake of his possessions. His main defence was, that he was under age, and that all his marriages were illegal. As for Sarah Ann Skidmore, he asserted that she allured him, and that one time, when he refused to give her five pounds, she expressed her opinion that "every teetotaler ought to be blown up with a barrel of gunpowder." In consequence of one of their matrimonial squabbles, he appeared before the magistrates at Birmingham; and there "George Edmunds, his lawyer," and Mr. Spooner, the magistrate, told him the marriage was illegal, and there was no need for a "divorcement." Therefore, as it was no marriage at all, he afterwards married Mary

Ann Wilson, at St. John's, in Newcastle, by license. The minister of St. John's saw by his "retcheater," after the marriage ceremony had been performed, that he was under age, and wished him to be married over again by banns. This, he contended, showed that the second marriage was as bad as the first. Besides, Mr. Alderman Loah, the counsellor, told him the same thing. Well, he left Newcastle, and went to Stockton, where he courted Jane Dawson. They were about to be married by banns, but as she was not "joined" in society with the Primitive Methodists, Benjamin Fryer said it was not right for him to marry her, and he quoted Scripture for it. Fryer also told him that he had a sister-in-law, who would make him a good wife; and he (Taylor) consented to have the banns "pulled up." They went to Aycliffe together, Fryer paying the expenses. There he was introduced to Mary Davison, and her father, after some conversation, took her upstairs to talk to her. After a while they came down. Mary said she kept company with a young man; but by the persuasion of her father and brother she would consent to give him up. Prisoner sat up with her the greater part of the night, and got her to burn her old sweetheart's letters. In the morning they went to Acklam to get a license and be married. Fryer paid all expenses. He had raised the money by borrowing, and by taking some of the chapel funds. The license was granted by the Rev. Mr. Benson, who married them. It was granted at Middlesbrough, in Yorkshire, and he was at that time living on the other side of the Tees, at "Santry Batts," in the county of Durham. He was under age, too, and the marriage could not be legal. Moreover, after his marriage to Mary Davison, Jane Dawson wished to have him, and consulted a lawyer, who told her the marriage with Davison would not stand in her way, because he (Taylor) was under age. She, therefore, had the "banners put up" at Stockton. The conclusions to which the prisoner came were these:—1. That he was not guilty of bigamy, the preceding marriages being illegal; and 2. That if the marriage with Skidmore was legal, the bigamy which he had committed did not lie at his door, but at that of the lawyers, who had told him that that marriage was illegal.

The prisoner's mother having expressed a wish to give evidence, and the prisoner having consented, she took her place in the witness-box, and deposed that she was now the wife of Michael Rickaby. The prisoner was not born in wedlock; but she would not say who his father was. He was under age, she said, and not very clever; and it was a great shame of the girls to marry him. They saw him one day, and took him next morning.

The chairman of the Court (Mr. John Fawcett), when Mr. Granger had summed up for the prosecution, briefly addressed the jury; and the foreman, in a few minutes, gave in a verdict of "guilty."

Taylor was next indicted for having, in October, 1839, married Mary Ann Wilson, daughter of George Wilson, tobacconist, Newcastle. The prisoner, it appeared, had advertised for a wife in the Newcastle papers. Miss Wilson said she first saw the prisoner in October at a Methodist chapel in Newcastle. On the same day she met him at a class meeting. On the 16th of October she was introduced to him by a friend, when he promised to call upon her at three o'clock that afternoon. He did so, and as soon as he sat down he pulled out a tin case, which was marked "Robert Taylor, otherwise Lord Kenedy." He said he was entitled to £60,000 a year, and other hereditaments. The following day he made her an offer of marriage, and she accepted him. He said if he could get the loan of some money, they would be married the next morning. Her father lent him £4; a license was bought; and they were married the day but one after she had accepted him, and three days after her introduction to him. Eighteen days after this he deserted her, and she heard no more of him till he was in custody. Witness, in answer to the prisoner, said she did not say "she would rather be married off-hand." Prisoner: "Oh, yes, Mary, you did. I consented to take you immediately if the money was raised, and you raised it." The defence in this case was the same as in the first—the illegality of the whole of the marriages, into which, prisoner added, he had been inveigled by other persons. Mr. Granger had said the new Marriage Act made minors' marriages legal; but did the new Marriage Act, the prisoner asked, say anything about wards in Chancery, and the son of Lord Kenedy? This appeal provoked great laughter; but the jury again returned a verdict of "guilty."

Mr. Granger then stated that Superintendent Ingo had received letters showing that the prisoner had contracted several other marriages besides those which had been the subject of inquiry.

The court having spent some time in deliberation, the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said:—"You have for some time been going about the country in a most unprincipled way, marrying weak and unsuspecting girls, and bringing misery upon them and their friends. You must be punished with great severity for your wicked conduct. For the first offence of which you have been convicted, you are sentenced to be imprisoned one year to hard labour; and for the second, to be imprisoned eighteen months to hard labour, making altogether two years and a half."

The mother of the prisoner, on quitting the court, finding herself an object of some attraction, and being complimented by the women who flocked round her on the clever defence of her son whose "cleverness" she had denied, became somewhat communicative on her family history. Among other things, she stated that her son was one of Sir De Lacy Evans's Spanish Legion, and that she had sent a letter into Spain,

which had had the effect of procuring his return to England. She had come from Workington, in Cumberland, to attend the trial; for "her son was her son." One thing she would not allow the curiosity of the ladies to penetrate—and that was, the mystery which hung over the prisoner's birth. She had "kept the secret" nineteen years, and was not going to reveal it in the twentieth. All that she would say was that the impostor's father was "a real gentleman."

The Water Poet in the North.

JOHAN TAYLOR, usually known by his self-conferred designation of "The Water Poet," was born in Gloucester in 1580. His education was very limited. He went to London and was apprenticed to a waterman, an occupation from which he took his title of Water Poet, and by which he maintained himself during a great part of his life. For fifteen or sixteen years, however, he held some office in the Tower of London, and he afterwards kept a tavern in Phoenix Alley, Long Acre. He was a devoted Royalist, and, when Charles I. was beheaded, he hung out, over his door, the sign of the Mourning Crown. This, however, he was soon compelled to take down, and he then supplied its place by a portrait of himself, with the following lines beneath it:—

There's many a king's head hanged up for a sign,
And many a saint's head too: then why not mine?

But Taylor was neither king nor saint, but a man of innumerable whims and oddities. On one occasion he undertook to sail from London to Rochester in a boat made of paper, but the water found its way into his craft long before he reached his destination, and he had some difficulty in getting safely ashore. He seems to have been fond of travelling, and many of his journeys were performed in his own wherry. Of his various peregrinations he has left what are often exceedingly amusing records in his works. One of his stories is entitled, "A Very Merrie Wherrie-Ferry Voyage; or, York for my Money." Another pamphlet bears the following singular title: "John Taylor's Last Voyage and Adventure, performed from the 20th of July last, 1641, to the 10th of September following, in which time he passed, with a Sculler's Boat, from the City of London, to the Cities and Towns of Oxford, Gloucester, Shrewsbury, Bristol, Bath, Monmouth, and Hereford." The title would lead us to imagine that Taylor went the whole way by water; but the course of the rivers and the absence of canals made such a feat impossible. The fact was that, when a river ceased to be navigable, or ran in a wrong direction, he shipped his boat and himself in any available cart or waggon, and voyaged overland till he reached another river that suited his purpose.

Taylor died in 1654, at the age of 74, and was buried in

Covent Garden Churchyard, London. His publications, which are very numerous, have little literary merit. Some are in prose, some in verse, or rather doggrel, and some are a mixture of prose and verse. Many of them, however, contain curious descriptions and interesting glimpses of the opinions and manners and general state of society in the times in which he lived. There is much that is amusing and quaint in his accounts of his personal adventures, and we are indebted to him for many local facts, otherwise unrecorded.

One of Taylor's journeys he relates in "The Penniless Pilgrimage, or, the Money-less Perambulation of John Taylor, *alias* The King's Majesty's Water Poet; How he travelled on foot from London to Edinburgh in Scotland, not carrying any Money to or fro, neither Begging, Borrowing, or Asking Meat, Drink, or Lodging." He left London on the evening of July 14th, 1618. His companions were his man and a horse. The latter carried his "provant," which consisted of "good bacon, biscuit, neat's tongue, cheese," and various other things, amongst which "good *agua vita*" was not forgotten. He had thus taken some precaution against starvation, should the hospitality of the country through which he proposed to travel fail him.

This foresaid Tuesday night, 'twixt eight and nine,
Well-rigged and balanced both with beer and wine,
I stumble forward; thus my jaunt begun,
And went that night as far as Islington.

Taylor's subsequent journey lay through St. Alban's, Stony Stratford, Daventry, and Coventry, where he was generously entertained by Dr. Philemon Holland, mentioned in a previous article as the translator of Camden. He went forward by Lichfield, Newcastle in Staffordshire—which he takes care to tell us is "not the Newcastle standing upon Tyne,"—and Manchester. At the last-named place he was in clover.

I must tell
How men of Manchester did use me well:
Their loves they on the tenter-hooks did rack,
Roast, boiled, baked, too, too much white, claret, sack:
Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot,
Can followed can, and pot succeeded pot.

From Manchester our poet pursued his way through Preston, Lancaster, and Carlisle, and so forward to Edinburgh. In Scotland the traveller met with some remarkable adventures, and one part of his story is of the most romantic character, but the limits to which I am confined forbid me to quote it. At Burnt Island he had a singular rencontre, in meeting with an old acquaintance in the person of a Northumbrian knight—Sir Henry Widdrington, of Widdrington Castle. Taylor called him Witherington. He shall tell the story himself. He is being entertained at dinner amongst many distinguished guests, of whom Widdrington is one.

"I know not," begins our Water Poet, "upon what occasion they began to talk of being at sea in former times, and I (amongst the rest) said I was at the taking of Cadiz: whereunto an English gentleman replied, that he was the next good voyage after at the Islands. I

answered him that I was there also. He demanded in what ship I was. I told him in the Rainbow of the Queen's. Why, quoth he, do you not know me? I was in the same ship, and my name is Witherington. Sir, said I, I do remember the name well, but by reason that it is near two-and-twenty years since I saw you, I may well forget the knowledge of you. Well, said he, if you were in the ship, I pray you tell me some remarkable token that happened in the voyage; whereupon I told him two or three tokens, which he did know to be true. Nay then, said I, I will tell you another, which, perhaps, you have not forgotten. As our ship and the rest of the fleet did ride at anchor at the Isle of Flores, one of the isles of the Azores, there were some fourteen men and boys of our ship that, for novelty, would go ashore and see what fruit the island did bear, and what entertainment it would yield us. So, being landed, we went up and down, and could find nothing but stones, heath, and moss, and we expected oranges, lemons, figs, musk-melons, and potatoes. In the mean space the wind did blow so stiff, and the sea was so extreme rough, that our ship's boat did not come to the land to fetch us, for fear she should be beaten in pieces against the rocks. This continued five days, so that we were almost famished for want of food. But at last (I wandering up and down) by the providence of God I happened [to go] into a cave or poor habitation, where I found fifteen loaves of bread, each of the quantity of a penny loaf in England. I, having a valiant stomach of the age of almost a hundred and twenty hours breeding, fell too, and ate two loaves, and never said grace. And, as I was about to make a horse-loaf of the third loaf, I did put twelve of them into my breeches and my sleeves, and so went mumbling out of the cave, leaning my back against a tree; when, upon a sudden, a gentleman came to me and said, friend, what are you eating? Bread, quoth I. For God's sake, said he, give me some. With that I put my hand into my breech (being my best pantry) and I gave him a loaf, which he received with many thanks, and said if ever he could requite it he would. I had no sooner told this tale, but Sir Henry Witherington did acknowledge himself to be the man that I had given the loaf unto two and twenty years before; where I found the proverb true, that men have more privilege than mountains in meeting."

On his return from Scotland, Taylor passed through Northumberland. On reaching Berwick "the worthy old soldier and ancient knight, Sir William Bowyer," welcomed the traveller; "but," says he, "contrary to his will, we lodged at an inn, where Mr. James Acmooty paid all charges."

The Tweed, in Taylor's day, as in ours, was noted for its salmon. In that river, he tells us, "are taken by fishermen that dwell there, infinite numbers of fresh salmons, so that many households and families are relieved by the profit of that fishing." An order had been made, "how long since I know not," says the poet, "that no man or boy whatsoever should fish upon a Sunday." For a time the order was strictly observed, but, "some eight or nine weeks before Michaelmas last, on the Sunday, the salmons played in such great abundance in the river, that some of the fishermen took boats, and nets, and fished, and caught three hundred salmons!" All this is credible enough, but what follows must surely be an exaggerated tale, which, as related to the poet, possibly received undue colouring from some earnest and unvarnished Sabbatarian. "From that time," the traveller proceeds, "until Michaelmas Day that I was there, which was nine weeks, and heard the report of it, and saw the poor people's lamentations, they had not

seen one salmon in the river; and some of them were in despair that they should never see any more there; affirming it to be God's judgment upon them for the profanation of the Sabbath."

From Berwick Taylor came by Belford and Alnwick to Newcastle, where, he says, "I found the noble knight, Sir Henry Witherington; who, because I would have no gold or silver, gave me a bay mare, in requital of a loaf of bread that I had given him two and twenty years before, at the island of Flores." At Newcastle, too, he overtook some of his Scottish friends who were on their way to London. He tells us, also, that he "was welcomed at Master Nicholas Tempest's house." Tempest's house was Stella Hall, now the residence of Mr. Joseph Cowen. Unfortunately, the traveller tells us nothing of his experiences there.

From Newcastle Taylor had the company of his Scottish friends as far as Topcliffe, in Yorkshire, where he left them that he might visit and explore the city of York. At length he reaches London. He sneaks into the city to a house within Moorgate, where he borrows money. "And so," he says, "I stole back again to Islington, to the sign of the Maidenhead, staying [there] till Wednesday, that my friends came to meet me, who knew no other but that Wednesday was my first coming; where with all love I was entertained with much good cheer; and after supper we had a play of the Life and Death of Guy of Warwick, played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Derby and his men."

Thus ends Taylor's Pennyless Pilgrimage.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

Robert Paton, Postman.



HE accompanying sketch represents the late Mr. Robert Paton, the contractor for the conveyance of the mails between Morpeth and Rothbury, as he rode into the former town during the great snowstorm of March, 1886, "sheeted in ice from head to foot, and encrusted in frozen snow."

The people of the North of England are not likely to forget the weather at that time, for it was the worst that had been experienced for many years previously. But Mr. Paton was doomed to be caught in another storm whilst performing his postal duties. Four years later, on the 18th of January, 1890, he was proceeding to Rothbury, when the horse and gig were



upset by a terrific hurricane. The unfortunate man was afterwards found by one of his sons and a party of searchers on the road near Longhorsley Moor, with his head under the vehicle, life being quite extinct. At the time of the disaster, Mr. Paton was 56 years of age.

The Miller of the Clock Mill.



CENTURY or so ago there stood on the left side of the main road from Newcastle to Jedburgh, about two miles north of Belsay Gate, in a secluded spot beside a stream, what was called "The Clock Mill." The miller was a man of middle age, and occupied a suitable steading attached to the mill, together with an adjoining piece of land. He was, like Nimrod of old, a famous hunter, being so fortunate as to possess a mare, noted for her pith and speed, which enabled him to be generally among the foremost in the chase, where he was wont to accompany his landlord. This was the way in which the rich and poor mingled in "the good old days" in "merry England."

The miller of the Clock Mill was, as we have seen, a famous hunter: so much so that he very often contrived, through his intimate knowledge of the country and the real excellence of his steed, to be first in at the death. The lord of the manor, though always glad to see his tenants enjoy this healthful sport, could hardly brook being beaten by one of them again and again, in the face of the whole assembled field. He accordingly resolved to mend matters. The miller had hitherto paid the sum of twenty pounds a year for his mill and land—no inadequate rent as things then stood; but now the steward, by the instruction of the landlord, raised it to thirty. Still the miller continued to pay regularly, and still kept a good mare, and was at the death before the squire quite as often as ever. Another hint was given to the steward, and another ten pounds added to the rent, thus doubling the original sum; both landlord and steward now felt sure that their victim would have to bestride a sorrier steed, or else drop out of the hunting circle altogether. But, heavily handicapped as the miller was, he was as punctual as ever when the rent-day came round, still rode the same good mare, and still carried off, on the average, two brushes out of every three that were won in the season. This astonished the landlord so much that he paid him an unexpected visit. The following is the account Mr. Robert White gives of the interview:—

He found him, arrayed in his dusty garb, with a kind of nightcap drawn nearly over his eyes, at work in the mill; he was filling a poke from the trough; the machinery was in motion, and the place had an air of neatness and order about it, betokening the occupier to be in easy circumstances. After some preliminary observations respecting the weather and markets, the landlord remarked he

was very glad to see his tenant so cheerful, and hoped he was doing well.

"Thanks t'ye, sir—mony thanks to y'r honour," said the miller. "We have aye meat for the takin'—meal an' bacon, an' melk tey, except it be efter the new year, when we hae nae farra cow. We get clase to sair us; and for mysel', when aw gan frev hame, or tiv the hunt, aw have aye Bonny the meer to lay leg ower."

"And a finer animal of the kind," observed the landlord, "is not to be found in the North of England!"

"Thanks t'ye again, sir, for the compliment," said the other. "Mony yen says she's ower gud for me; but she taks ne mair to keep her than a bad un; and sin ever aw was yard-bie, aw always lik't a nice beast. Indeed, aw may say, please y'r honour, that rather than want her, aw wad gan to bed supperless the hale year round."

"I perceive," continued his honour, "she is a great favourite. To be plain with you, though, I sometimes think it not over good-mannered in you to put her forward in the way you do, and beat the whole of us at our own sport. You should bridle in her speed, and give your superiors the precedence."

"True, true," replied the miller; "but please ye, sir, how if aw cannit? When the hunds are yellen' along, she's never right unless she has her nose among them; an' then, when you and other thurty gentlemen are acomin' splat-tecin' up, aw might as suin try to stop the wind as haud her. Aw's nit fond iv intrudin' mysel' where I shudna be; but aw knaw y'r honour's aye glad to see yen; an' aw just mak free to come among the company."

"You are welcome at all times," said the lord of the manor, with great kindness. "I should be sorry to deter any tenant of mine from the enjoyment of such sport. Come as you have always done; I wish you to do so."

"Weel, aw's under grete obligations t'ye, sir, for your gudeness," said the other, perceiving at once the kind tone of feeling and gentlemanly manner which peculiarly distinguished his landlord.

"It is my especial desire, my good sir," continued the latter, to have all my tenants comfortable, as far as a proper regard to my own rights will allow of such a desideratum. You pay me now a heavy rent—heavy in proportion to what it was formerly; but if your mill and land do not clear it easily, the steward must consider the matter, and let you have them so that you can live upon them."

"Kind, kind, vera, vera!" gratefully replied the miller, raising his cap higher on his forehead, and regarding his visitor with much respect. "Aw's gretely obleeged to y'r honour, an' mony a rogue wad tak advantage iv y'r gud intentions, but aw hae nae reason to complain. An honest man can aylways work his way; an' though aw see by y'r smile that ye're pleased to doubt iv a miller's honesty, still aw can say that aw aye strave to dae the fair thing. Throughout the hale time when aw had the mill at the twenty pound, aw niver tuik an unjust handfu' iv eyther meal, groats, or corn. Only we're a', please ye, sir, like the pillars iv a beelting—when grete weights are laid on us, we just hae to press the mair upon where we stand. Y'r honour knaws what aw mean?"

"Not exactly," said the landlord, "but this I know, that if you act uprightly, and can pay your rent now, your profits formerly must have been very great!"

"If y'r honour wad please to step up," replied the miller, adhering to his own method of illustration, "aw's willin' tiv explain ty'e the hale affair. We hae nae flour-pokes i' the road, an' ye'll come down again as clean as a pin."

He then led the way up a kind of irregular stair, and was followed by the other till they reached a platform, or floor, where several sacks filled with corn were set together. Beside the hopper stood a half-bushel measure, containing a quantity of wheat, with a round concave wooden dish, about seven inches in diameter, partly buried amongst the grain. Taking up the small utensil in his hand, the miller continued:—"Now, sir, this is what we ca' the moutar dish, an' that's a kenning there [half a bushel], ye see; we measure a' the corn wiv that. Weel, when ma rent was twenty pound, out iv every kenning iv corn that came here, aw tuik this dish yence full. When aw was put up tiv thirty pound, aw tuik't twice full; an'

now, when aw's at forty pound, aw tak't thrice full, for moutar, out iv every kenning aw grind. Now, please ye, sir, this is just the plan that aw's forc't to follow, to mak the rent up. 'Honesty's the best policy,' as the say rins; an' y'r honour, aw know, winnut dae me an ill turn for tellin' the truth."

They descended the stair, and the landlord regarded his tenant with no small degree of surprise. He scarcely knew whether the unwarrantable freedom taken with the grist which came to the mill, in order to meet the increased rent, was more deserving of reprehension, than the candour with which it had been exhibited even to himself was worthy of praise.

Shortly afterwards the miller's dame appeared, supporting in her hand a vessel about the size of a quart, nearly full of home-brewed ale, and he himself observed:—"When a beggar comes to the door, be't man or woman, they mun eyther hae bite or sup; an' when y'r honour visits us, sartenly ye're entitled an' hartily welcome tiv the best iv the hoose."

The female produced the liquor, and poured out a mantling horn to the landlord, who drank it off, and complimented her on its quality; then, wishing the couple "good day," he respectfully took his leave.

The landlord and his steward being, after all, both

honourable and impartial men, did not deal harshly with the miller for his borrowings, but treated him as an honest man, continued to favour him, and lowered his rent to £20 once more. So the Miller of the Clock Mill still bestrode his gallant mare, and was allowed to carry off the brush as often as he could win it.

Two Bits of the North Road.

ABOUT twenty miles from Newcastle, on the Great North Road, there is a picturesque bridge which takes its name, Causey Park Bridge, from the estate which lies off the road to the west. Otherwise the structure is known as the Twenty Mile Bridge, from its distance beyond the Tyne. The stream which it spans is a tributary of the Lyne, one of the lesser



Northumbrian rivers, which enters the sea at Lynmouth, a little to the north of Newbiggin. Causey Park is a part of the barony of Bothal, and the tower of the old mansion house was built by a member of the Ogle family in 1582. Some distance to the right of the main road, and considerably south of Twenty-Mile Bridge, lies Cockle Park

Tower, the scene of a tragedy described in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, page 11. The traveller meets with no place of historic interest on the line of the North Road itself between Morpeth and Felton. Perhaps the best known landmark is the North Gate Toll Bar, otherwise called Warrener's House, which is situated at the junction of the North Road with the road to Rothbury. Both places—Causey Park Bridge and the old toll-house—are depicted in the accompanying engravings.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

Richard Emeldon,

EIGHTEEN TIMES MAYOR, AND SEVEN TIMES M.P. FOR
NEWCASTLE.

OFTEN as re-election to municipal honours occurred in Newcastle in former days, only one person gained the distinction of being appointed upwards of a dozen times Mayor of the town. George Carr filled the office upon eleven occasions; the mayoralties of Henry Carlil numbered ten; more than one popular burgess counted six or seven elections to that exalted position. But Richard Emeldon, who flourished during the reigns of the three Plantagenet Edwards, overtopped them all. This honoured burgess became Mayor of Newcastle eighteen times. For nearly

thirty years he must have been a central figure in the public life of Tyneside.

Perpetual wars with Scotland brought the Plantagenet sovereigns frequently to Newcastle. It was during one of the later visits of Edward I. to the town that Richard Emeldon made his first appearance in local history. His Majesty had been informed that the English Merchant Adventurers were willing to be placed upon the same footing as merchant strangers, i.e., to pay a general charge called petty customs, in lieu of prisage, murage, pontage, &c. To ascertain the truth of this statement, he issued writs summoning a certain number of citizens and burgesses from all parts of the realm to assemble at York on the 25th of June, 1303. Richard Emeldon was one of the burgesses chosen by the commonalty of Newcastle to represent them at the conference.

The year following, Emeldon was appointed one of the four bailiffs of Newcastle, and at Michaelmas, 1306, and again in 1307, he was elected mayor of the town. A break of three years occurred, during which Nicholas Carlil held the post of honour, and then, at the mayor-choosing in 1311, the burgesses, who had sent Emeldon to Parliament in August, elected him mayor for the third time. For seven successive years afterwards he occupied that important position—seven years which witnessed notable events in local history. His fellow-burgesses elected him member of the Parliament which met at York in September, 1314, and he would probably have been sent to the Parliament of January, 1314-15, if the threatening attitude of the Scots had not forced the Northumbrian sheriff to return the writs blank, with a



notification that not a man could be spared from either the county, or the boroughs within the county.

Being a substantial citizen, in good repute with the king, Emeldon was able to obtain for the town, before he went out of office, some little acknowledgment of the services which the burgesses had performed, the privations they had suffered, and the losses they had sustained during his mayoralties. His Majesty granted to Newcastle a renewal of King John's charter, with some additional favours, confirmed the foundation charter of the Merchant Adventurers with new privileges, and sent to the inhabitants of the county forty casks of wine. Of this wine Emeldon was to be one of three distributors. He was appointed keeper of the castles, lands, and tenements of the Earl of Lancaster and other condemned nobles in Northumberland and Durham in 1322; the document conferring upon him this trust styling him "chief custos of the town of Newcastle." At Michaelmas in that year, he became Mayor of Newcastle again. On this occasion, his re-elections numbered four—extending his occupancy of the chair to the autumn of 1327. Meanwhile he was appointed (June, 1323) collector of customs on wines in the port of Newcastle and along the coast to Berwick. At the beginning of 1324 he was sent a third time to Parliament; near the middle of it, the king, "in part allowance for his long services, and great losses in the wars with Scotland," granted him the manor of Silksworth. In 1325 Emeldon went again to Parliament, and in 1328, having laid down once more his robes of office as mayor, he was twice elected M.P. The following autumn, that of 1329, saw him in the mayor's chair for the sixteenth time. Then followed another break of a year. At Michaelmas, 1331, he entered upon his final term of municipal honour. In January, 1333, the king, yielding to a petition of the burgesses, gave the town a charter by which Emeldon and all future mayors were created Royal escheators, the function of an escheator being to render account for land and profits falling to the Crown by forfeiture, or by the death of a tenant of the Crown without heirs.

In the early part of the same year that saw him made escheator, Emeldon received the appointment of collector of subsidies for the county of Northumberland; shortly after the escheatorship was conferred upon him, in the middle of his eighteenth mayoralty, he died. Contemplating his approaching end, he had made provision for the repose of his soul by endowing the chantry of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Apostle, in his parish church of St. Nicholas'. He obtained letters patent from the king to erect a building upon a piece of vacant ground over against the chapel of St. Thomas upon Tyne Bridge, that he might present it to three chaplains to pray for him, and for the souls of his wives, his father and mother, &c., "every day at the altar of the Baptist and the Apostle in St. Nicholas' Church." On the anniversary of his death, these chaplains were to

honour his memory by a solemn tolling of the bells and devoutly singing by note, and, after the anniversary mass, one of them was to distribute among a hundred and sixty poor people the sum of six shillings and eightpence for ever.

At the inquisition after his decease, it was found that Emeldon possessed the manors of Jesemuth (Jesmond), South Gosford, Elswick, Heaton-Jesemuth, Whitley, and Shotton, divers lands and tenements in Thröcklawe, Myndrum, Wark-on-Tweed, Wooler, Alnwick, Almouth, Dunstan, Emeldon, Newton-on-the-Moor, and seven or eight other places in Northumberland, besides property in Newcastle. His second wife, Christiana, survived him. She had her thirds in Newton-on-the-Moor, Dunstanborough, &c., and, after marrying Sir William de Plumpton, knight, died in 1363. His daughters, being well-dowered, were all united to men of position. Agnes became the wife of Peter Graper the younger, who was several times bailiff and mayor of Newcastle, and, at least, once member of Parliament. Maud, or Matilda, married Richard Acton, who filled the office of mayor during the interval between Emeldon's death and the end of the municipal year, and after his decease she entered into a matrimonial alliance with Alexander, Lord of Hilton. Jane became the second wife of Sir John Strivelyn, a wealthy knight; Alice, the youngest, married Nicholas Sabraham. Long after his death Newcastle preserved the memory of his long municipal reign in a messuage called "Emeldon Place," or as Bourne calls it, "Emeldon Barn," situate at the head of what is now Percy Street, "near the hospital of the Blessed Mary Magdalene, without the New Gate."

The Rev. James Everett,

METHODIST REFORMER.

Forty years ago, when the Wesleyan Methodist body was in the throes of a great disruption, no man was better known in what may be called the religious life of Great Britain than the Rev. James Everett. A genuine Northumbrian, hard-headed and clear-headed, sturdy and independent, he practically led the movement which cleft the Wesleyan denomination asunder, and established the organisation which is now known as United Free Methodism.

Mr. Everett was born at Alnwick on the 16th of May, 1784. He came of a good Methodist stock, his maternal grandfather, James Bowmaker, being the builder of the first Wesleyan chapel erected in his native town. In early boyhood he was sent to the new school opened in Alnwick by the brothers Bruce (see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. iii., p. 126), and the knowledge which he acquired there was supplemented at the Sunday School held in the Methodist Chapel. In due time he was bound apprentice to James Elder, to learn the trade of "flax-dresser and grocer." Before his apprenticeship ended he was brought

under religious influences, and, joining the Methodists, determined to become a local preacher. In furtherance of this design, he left Alnwick, and obtaining employment at Sunderland, began evangelistic work among the Wesleyan communities upon the river Wear. His labours met with great acceptance, and before long he was induced to qualify for the regular ministry. On the 27th of May, 1807, he preached a trial sermon at the Orphan House, Newcastle, and being admitted a probationer, was appointed to the newly-formed circuit of North Shields, under the superintendence of the venerable Duncan McAllum.

Having chosen his vocation, Mr. Everett endeavoured to repair the defects of early education by self-culture. In that desirable pursuit he was assisted by two well-known Newcastle men—William A. Hails and Nicholas Wawn. Under their guidance he studied theology, took



up Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and made excursions into science and general literature, the while he preached, conducted classes, visited families, and discoursed in the open air. Labours so abundant soon attracted attention. Tyneside pitmen gave him the sobriquet of "The Hell-fire Lad," and flocked to hear him.

From North Shields, Mr. Everett went successively to Belper, New Mills, and Barnsley, and his probation being over, he was married (1st August, 1810) at the parish church of Sunderland, to Elizabeth Hutchinson. Received into full connexion at the conference of 1811, he travelled in various circuits till, in 1821, when on duty at Sheffield, his health gave way, and he was compelled to seek repose as a supernumerary. For a time he took charge of the Wesleyan Book Room in London, but at the

beginning of 1823 he resigned it, and commenced business in Sheffield as a bookseller and stationer. Here it was that he entered into temporary partnership with John Blackwell (afterwards a Newcastle alderman) as described in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 501. From Sheffield he removed his business to Manchester, and there remained till 1834, when Conference ordered him to resume pulpit work, and appointed him to the Newcastle circuit. Amongst Newcastle Methodists he laboured for five years, and then was removed to York, in which city his health again broke down, and he was once more placed on the list of supernumeraries.

Being a man of independent thought, Mr. Everett, from an early stage of his ministerial career, had distinguished himself in controversy. He was continually writing pamphlets, dashing off satirical leaflets, or composing sarcastic rhymes, against those whose views did not agree with his own. When in 1834 the ruling powers of Methodism desired to establish a theological institute, he saw, or fancied he saw, in the proposal a "centralising job," and, in an anonymous publication entitled "The Disputants," he attacked the scheme in a style that gave great offence to the leading lights of the denomination. Suspected of the authorship, he avowed it, and thenceforward he was regarded by the dominant party as a dangerous man. The feeling thus engendered was intensified by the publication, in 1840, on the eve of the first Conference held in Newcastle, of a book entitled "Wesleyan Takings." This book contained written portraits or sketches of a hundred prominent Wesleyan ministers. It was issued anonymously; yet everybody knew the writer. Conference condemned the book, the upper circles of Methodism condemned the author, and nothing serious came of either condemnation. But when "Wesleyan Takings" was followed by a series of printed circulars, called "Fly Sheets," in which the whole administration of Methodism was attacked, and sweeping reforms were demanded, a furious storm of indignation burst forth. Suspicion fell upon Everett at once, and after many attempts to find out the writer by other means, Conference called upon him in 1849 to answer the pointed question "Are you the author of the 'Fly Sheets'?" He declined to give a direct answer, whereupon the conference, after a long and animated debate, expelled him from the ministry.

After his expulsion Mr. Everett occupied himself in building up and consolidating the movement to which the "Fly Sheets" had given vitality. Many of its warmest friends and adherents were to be found upon the banks of the Tyne, and in the pit villages of Northumberland and Durham. It was advisable that he should dwell among his own people, and he removed from York to No. 4, St. Thomas's Crescent, Newcastle, on Friday, the 22nd July, 1853. All hope of reforming the constitution of Methodism, and of returning to the old fold, had been by this time abandoned. Everett saw no chance of reconciliation,

and turned his thoughts to the question of forming the outlying branches of Methodism into one united body. Although approaching his seventieth year, he worked assiduously in that direction, though it was not until 1857 that his hopes were realised. In July of that year an amalgamation was effected. The new body took the name of "The United Methodist Free Churches"; and, with a proper sense of the fitness of things, they elected Mr. Everett to be their first president.

In April, 1859, Mr. Everett removed to Sunderland, where his wife had some property, and that town, which had seen the beginning of his career, saw the end of it. First to depart (July 17, 1865,) was she who for fifty-five years had shared the fortunes and misfortunes of his life. After her death the veteran retired from pulpit work, and on the 10th of May, 1872, within four days of his 88th birthday, he finished his course and entered into rest.

Mr. Everett was a many-sided man, with respectable attainments in various departments of culture and research. As a preacher he was always popular. On the platform he was still more effective. At one period of his life he ranked amongst what was commonly known as the "Sheffield Poets"—a local coterie at whose head stood his friend James Montgomery—and throughout his career he was a painstaking antiquary, a discriminating purchaser of old books, and an insatiable collector of coins, medals, and autographs. To the end of his days he was imbued with a fine artistic feeling. It was at his suggestion that H. Perlee Parker painted, in 1839, his Methodist Centenary picture—the "Escape of John Wesley from the fire at Epworth Parsonage." Mr. Everett was the model from which the artist drew the attitudes of the leading personages upon the canvas, and his portrait is introduced as that of one of the rescuers who, standing between the dog and the group below the window, is ready with outstretched arms to receive the child from its first deliverer.

As a man of letters and a writer of books, Mr. Everett enjoyed a high degree of popularity. Some of his works, running through edition after edition, are still read by delighted Sunday school children and by admirers of religious biography, while others not so favoured are prized by local collectors and compilers of local history. It is not possible to enumerate all his published writings: many of them were polemical tracts and controversial pamphlets, satirical verses, squibs, and lampoons devoted to subjects of limited interest. The more important of his contributions to denominational and general literature are these—

A Reply to Douglas's Pamphlets against Methodism. 1815.

A Poetical Tribute to the Memory of George the Third. 1820.

Winter Scenes, or the Unwin Family: a Tale. 1822.

Historical Sketches of Wesleyan Methodism in Sheffield and its Vicinity. 1823.

The Head Piece, or Phrenology opposed to Divine Revelation. By James the Less. 1823.

The Village Blacksmith, or Piety and Usefulness Ex-

emplified in a Memoir of the Life of Samuel Hick, &c. 1830.

Edwin, or Northumbria's Royal Fugitive Restored. 1831.

The Wallsend Miner, or a Brief Memoir of the Life of William Crister. 1835.

Adam Clarke Pourtrayed. 3 vols. 1843-49.

The Polemic Divine, or Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Daniel Isaac. 1839.

Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Ministry of William Dawson, late of Barnbow, near Leeds. 1841.

Letters Selected from the Correspondence of William Dawson. 1842.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery. By John Holland and James Everett. 7 vols. 1854.

The Camp and the Sanctuary, or the Power of Religion as Exemplified in the Army and the Church. [Life of Thomas Hasker, of Newcastle.] 1859.

Gatherings from the Pit Heaps, or the Allens of Shiny Row. 1861.

The Midshipman and the Minister. [Life of the Rev. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland.] 1862.

Methodism as It Is. 1863-66. [With an appendix in 1868.]

Christopher Fawcett,

TWICE RECORDER OF NEWCASTLE.

The Recordership of Newcastle, a post of honour rather than of emolument, has been held at various times by notable men. In these columns have already been outlined the careers of two of them—Sir George Baker, one of the negotiators at the siege of Newcastle, and Edward Collingwood, the scholarly representative of an ancient and honourable Northumberland family. And, now in alphabetical order, comes Christopher Fawcett, a Recorder who brought upon himself considerable notoriety in the noisy controversies that raged between Hanoverians and Jacobites in the reign of George the Second.

Christopher Fawcett, eldest son of John Fawcett, Recorder of Durham, belonged to a race of yeomen and landed proprietors that, established for many generations at Boldon, Chester-le-Street, Lambton, and Sunderland (in which latter place the fine thoroughfare of Fawcett Street preserves their memory), possessed affluence, and exercised influence throughout the northern division of the county palatine. He was baptized in the cathedral city on the 2nd of July, 1713—the year which produced the treaty of Utrecht, settled the Protestant succession, and brought to within a few months of its close the reign of Queen Anne. Having received preliminary training at home, under the eye of his father, he was sent to Exeter College, Oxford, where he matriculated on the 2nd of May, 1729. Thence, destined for his father's profession, he proceeded to London, and becoming a student of Gray's Inn, was in due course, on the 8th of February, 1734-35, called to the bar. Soon afterwards, returning to the North, where his family influence lay, he settled as a practising barrister in Newcastle. Among other aids to promotion he cultivated the goodwill of the municipal authorities—cultivated it with such success that, upon a vacancy occurring in the Recordership of the town by the

death of William Cuthbert (August 29, 1746), he was unanimously appointed to that honourable office.

At the time of Mr. Fawcett's appointment, that desperate enterprise in which the adherents of the Stuarts made a final effort to overthrow the Hanoverian dynasty had but recently received a crushing defeat. Situated in the very centre of the rebellion, Newcastle remained faithful to the reigning family. The governing body and the great majority of the townspeople were Hanoverian to the backbone. They pitied, but sternly refused to follow, the Earl of Derwentwater, General Forster, and other local leaders of the insurrection, who had hoped to seduce them from their allegiance. And when the insurrection had been put down, they kept a watch upon Jacobites and Papists, reported their doings to the Privy Council, and helped to bring them within the range of penalty and punishment. In this patriotic endeavour Mr. Fawcett, who in the meantime had been made a Benchman of his Inn, rendered assistance. Not content, however, with pointing at local suspects, he aimed at high game, and his weapon recoiled upon himself with most disastrous consequences.

Upon the decease, in 1751, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II., palace squabbles and intrigues of a serious character broke out respecting the governance and tuition of the heir to the Throne—Prince George, afterwards George III. While the public mind was in a state of tension upon this subject, the episode occurred which gave to Mr. Fawcett an unenviable notoriety. Various versions of the story have been published, but the following will serve :—

Lord Ravensworth posted up to town the first week in February, 1753, and acquainted Mr. Pelham, the Prime Minister, that he had strong evidence of Jacobitism to produce against Stone, the Prince's sub-governor; Dr. Johnson, Bishop of Gloucester, who had been recommended as preceptor; and the Right Honourable William Murray, Solicitor-General, afterwards the famous Lord Mansfield. Mr. Pelham would gladly have overlooked the matter, but it could not be stifled, for Lord Ravensworth had told his story to the Duke of Devonshire and many others. The Cabinet were compelled, therefore, to hear his important revelation, which amounted to this and no more—that Mr. Fawcett, Recorder of Newcastle, dining at the house of Dr. Cowper, Dean of Durham, had, in his lordship's hearing, expressed satisfaction that his old acquaintance, Dr. Johnson, had prospered so well under the reigning dynasty, for that he recollected the time when they both attended evening parties and drank the health of the Pretender with Mr. Murray and Mr. Stone. The Cabinet devoted three whole days to hearing Lord Ravensworth and the Dean of Durham tell their curious story, and then, on the 16th February, Mr. Fawcett himself was brought into the Council Chamber and examined. He was in extreme terror and confusion, but with reluctance and uncertainty he confessed that the words he had uttered at Durham were true to this extent, namely, that about twenty years before, Murray, then a young lawyer, Stone, then in indigence, and himself used to sup frequently at one Vernon's, a rich mercer, a noted Jacobite, and a lover of ingenious young men; that the conversation was wont to be partly literature, partly treason, and that a customary health, taken on bended knees, was "The Chevalier and Lord Dunbar." He hesitated and trembled greatly about signing his deposition, said he was fitter to die than make an affidavit, and altogether cut a very sorry figure in the business. When

the business had occupied the Cabinet nine or ten days, they unanimously reported to the King that Fawcett's account was altogether false and scandalous.

In the face of such a report, and under the ban of the exposure which followed, Mr. Fawcett's retention of the Recordership of Newcastle was impossible. Declared to have borne false witness himself, he could not sit in the seat of judgment and inflict punishment upon other offenders. Resigning the office, therefore, to Edward Collingwood, who had given it over to William Cuthbert years before, he devoted his time and talents to his chamber practice, seeking in hard work relief from the pressure of defeat, and deriving from the sympathies of his friends consolation in the darkness of disaster. For he was not without active friends and sympathisers throughout the unpleasant episode which had thrown a shadow upon his life. Long afterwards, when Mr. Murray had been raised to the bench as Baron Mansfield, and Lord Chief Justice of England, Junius reminded him of the suspicions which Mr. Fawcett had incautiously revealed—implying thereby that in his opinion the allegations of the indiscreet Recorder were not so inaccurate as the Cabinet of 1753 had declared them to be.

Four years after his resignation Mr. Fawcett married. His wife was Winifred, daughter of Cuthbert Lambert, M.D., and sister of the youth whose remarkable escape at Sandyford Bridge, a couple of years later, gave to the locality the name of "Lambert's Leap." In comparative retirement he outlived the consequences of his imprudence, and when, in 1769, Edward Collingwood retired for the second time, he was reappointed to the Recordership, the Corporation conferring upon him, shortly afterwards, the honorary freedom of the town. Restored to his judicial functions, he filled the office with dignity and credit till he had passed the age of fourscore. He resigned it finally at Michaelmas, 1794, and on the 10th May following, aged 82, he died, and was buried at St. John's.

DR. FAWCETT, VICAR OF NEWCASTLE.

Shortly before Mr. Fawcett's re-election, on the 3rd January, 1767, his next brother, Richard Fawcett, D.D., was appointed Vicar of Newcastle. Vicar Fawcett was of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he matriculated in August, 1730, and proceeded B.A. in 1734, M.A. 1738, B.D. 1745, and D.D. 1748. He held the rectory of Ingelstree and Church Eyton in Staffordshire, was one of the king's chaplains in ordinary, and chaplain to Dr. Egerton, Bishop of Durham, by whom he was collated, in 1772, to the rectory of Gateshead, a living which he was allowed to hold, by dispensation, with the vicarage of Newcastle. He was also a prebendary of Durham, where he died on the 30th April, 1782. Baillie, in the "Impartial History of Newcastle," describes him as possessing "no animation in his manner of preaching," but "highly distinguished for a clear, nervous strain of

solid reasoning." He preached and published the consecration sermon at the completion of the present St. Ann's Church in 1768; and leased a portion of the vicarage garden for the erection of the Assembly Rooms. These are the only items that local history has preserved concerning him.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokor.

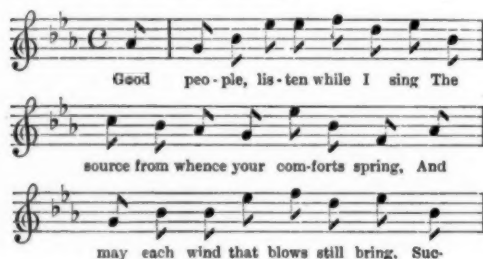
SUCCESS TO THE COAL TRADE.

RHYMESTERS of Tyneside have oft in numbers, smooth or rugged, glorified the beauties and extolled the industries of the district; and naturally the coal trade in all its varied phases has received a large share of the attention of the poets.

The title of this song was formerly a standing toast at all public dinners; and at other festive gatherings the proposal of the toast was in olden days the signal for the hostess to retire with her lady guests to the drawing-room, and leave the gentlemen to politics and wine. Mr. William Davidson, of Alnwick, published, about the year 1840, a book called "The Tyneside Songster," in which were collected many of the most popular songs of the day by Shield, Mitford, Gilchrist, and others, and the present song appears in that collection. The author's name is not given, and we believe is now unknown.

The collier ships at Shields are already things of the past, and the long rows of keels, which in former days might be seen plying between the spouts at Benwell, Felling, and Wallsend, to the ships lying at Shields, are all but extinct. Mammoth ships, with mighty engines and powerful screws, have usurped the place of the handy colliers, and carry the Tyneside black diamonds to every port in the world. Doubtless the present state of things is better than the former; but the scenes of one's youth have a sunnier aspect than those of our age.

The tune of the song is a slightly different set of the well-known reel tune "Stumpie," and is of a too rugged character to be suitable for singing.



Good people, listen while I sing
The source from whence your comforts spring,
And may each wind that blows still bring
Success unto the Coal Trade.
Who but unusual pleasure feels,
To see our fleets of ships and keels?
Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields
May ever bless the Coal Trade.

May vultures on the caiff fly,
And gnaw his liver till he die,
Who looks with evil, jealous eye
Down upon the Coal Trade!
If that should fail, what would ensue?
Sure ruin, and disaster too!
Alas! alas! what could we do
If 'twere not for the Coal Trade?

What is it gives us cakes of meal?
What is it crams our wames sae weel
With lumps of beef and draughts of ale?
What is't—but just the Coal Trade?
Not Davis Straits or Greenland oil,
Not all the wealth springs from the soil,
Could ever make our pots to boil,
Like unto our Coal Trade.

Ye sailors' wives, that love a drop
Of stingo from the brandy shop,
How could you get a single drop
If 'twere not for the Coal Trade?
Ye pitmen lads, so blithe and gay,
Who meet to tippie each pay-day,
Down on your marrow-bones and pray
Success unto the Coal Trade.

May Wear and Tyne still draw and pour
Their jet black treasures to the shore,
And we with all our strength will roar
Success unto the Coal Trade!
Ye owners, masters, sailors a',
Come about till ye be like to fa'.
Your voices raise—huzza! huzza!
We all live by the Coal Trade.

This nation is in duty bound
To prize those who work underground;
For 'tis well known this country round
Is kept up by the Coal Trade.
May Wear and Tyne and Thames ne'er freeze!
Our ships and keels will pass with ease,
Then Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields
Will still uphold the Coal Trade.


I tell the truth, you may depend,
In Durham or Northumberland
No trade in them could ever stand
If 'twere not for the Coal Trade.

The owners know full well, 'tis true,
Without pitmen, keelmen, sailors too,
To Britain they might bid adieu
If 'twere not for the Coal Trade.

So to conclude and make an end
Of these few lines which I have penned,
We drink a health to all those men
Who carry on the Coal Trade.

To owners, pitmen, keelmen too,
And sailors who the seas do plough,
Without these men we could not do,
Nor carry on the Coal Trade.

Kirkharle Church.

 HE church of Kirkharle is situated in a gently undulating country, and is surrounded by cheerful open glades. The village, one of the tiniest, cosiest, and most secluded in Northumberland, is some distance away. Both church and village lie a little way off the old North Road, an arrangement which was doubtless an advantageous one in the troublous times of old.

The first thing which strikes our attention on entering Kirkharle Church is the excellent character of its masonry. In this respect it presents a marked contrast to most of our Northern churches, which are usually built in a very rough and ready fashion, and the walls of which are faced, often both inside and out, and still more often on the inside, with rubble. Here, however, every stone is carefully squared, and the joints are of the finest character. There has been no attempt, on the part of the architect, to introduce any considerable amount of decoration. Indeed, taken as a whole, the church may be pronounced decidedly plain and simple, but this fact in no way detracts from the impression produced by its very superior masonry.

The church consists of nave and chancel, but has neither tower nor aisles. With the exception of the west wall, the porch, and the bell cot, the whole building is of one date, a date which is well indicated by several architectural features, but especially by the two windows in the north wall of the chancel. I mention these windows because they are the only ones which retain their ancient tracery. The rest had been supplied with wooden frames and sashes. I presume during the incumbency of the Rev. Jeffrey Clarkson, who held the living from 1771 to 1778. Recently, however, the church has passed through the fashionable process of "restoration," fortunately, so far as I can see, without suffering any material injury, and the sash windows have been replaced by copies or adaptations of the two ancient ones.

There must have been a church at Kirkharle before the present one, for Walter de Bolbeck, in 1165, appropriated part of the possessions of this benefice, which he styles "the church of Herla," the Abbey of Blanchland. Of

this earlier church no trace, so far as I am aware, now remains. The present building was erected about 1320 to 1340. Indeed, we may with great probability fix upon a precise date, for in 1336 a chantry was founded in this church. In the building as it now exists there are structural arrangements for two chantries, and as these arrangements are contemporary with the whole building, and are not insertions, it is almost certain that the foundation of the chantry and the erection of the church took place at the same time, and arose from the benefaction of the same individual. It is, perhaps, scarcely going too far to hazard the conjecture that that individual was Sir William de Herle, whom Hodgson calls "one of the great lights and worthies of Northumberland," a man distinguished for the important part he took in the affairs of State in the reigns of the second and third Edwards.

The whole of the windows in the chancel are filled with what is known as reticulated tracery. This is the term used to describe tracery when all the principal openings in the window-head are of the same size and shape. Their shape usually, as in the present case, is an ogee quatrefoil. The design is one of great simplicity, and at the same time of equally great beauty. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that the tracery of the east window and of the two south windows of the chancel is altogether modern. The east window is of five lights, and the windows in the north and south walls are of three lights each. There are three sedilia of very excellent design in the south wall of the chancel, and a piscina with projecting basin close beside them. There is also in the same wall a priest's door. The chancel, however, possesses one remarkable and unusual feature. In this series of papers I have had occasion several times to mention a low side window as one of the features of a chancel. Here, however, there are two of these windows, one in the south wall and one in the north. The purpose of these windows is still a matter of controversy amongst antiquaries, but such instances as this at Kirkharle may possibly throw some light on the question. I must not omit to mention that all these features of the chancel—sedilia, piscina, priest's door, and low side windows—are contemporary in date with the building itself.

The nave has also an uncommon feature. Whilst the fact that it has no aisles is in itself in no way remarkable, it becomes exceedingly so when we find from the presence of piscinas and aumbries that it has formerly held two chantries, and that, as I have already said, these are as old as the building itself. The place of a chantry altar was usually the aisle or the transept. When a chantry was founded in a church which had no aisle, such an aisle was generally built to receive it. Here, however, were two chantries, one almost certainly founded when the church was built and the other having possibly then existed for a considerable time, and yet no structural provision for their reception was made beyond their respective

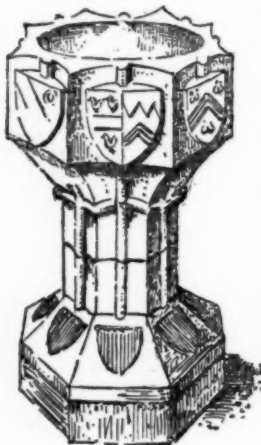
piscina and aumbry. The nave is lighted by four windows, two in the north wall and two in the south. The windows towards the east are of three lights each, and those towards the west of two lights. The tracery, which is quite modern, differs in pattern from that in the chancel, and, though very well executed, is of inferior design.

The nave was formerly longer than it is now. The first Sir William Loraine, of Kirkharle, who died in 1743, is said, on what appears to be reliable authority, to have built "the west gable, porch, and bell cope, all ruinous." It was no doubt at the time of Sir William's repairs that the length of the nave was curtailed. The bell-cot and porch were re-built during the incumbency of Mr. Clarkson, whom I have already mentioned, and, at the same time, the leaden roof was taken off the whole church and replaced by one of blue slate.

In the chancel there are several monuments to members of the family of Loraine. One of these, fixed to the north wall, tells us in two lines of Latin that Sir William Loraine, who died in 1743, was the man who retrieved the almost ruined fortunes of his family. His second wife, "dame Anne," is described as "a comely person of a good aspect and stature, a neat and prudent housekeeper, [and] as to herself, moderate in all things." One of Sir William's sons is commemorated by an inscription on the chancel floor, which I must transcribe in its entirety.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
RICHARD LORAIN, ESQ., WHO WAS
A PROPER HANDSOME MAN, OF GOOD
SENSE AND BEHAVIOUR; HE DY'D A
BACHELOR: OF AN APPOPLEXY
WALKING IN A GREEN-FIELD, NEAR
LONDON, OCTOBER 26TH, 1738,
IN THE 33 YEAR OF HIS AGE.

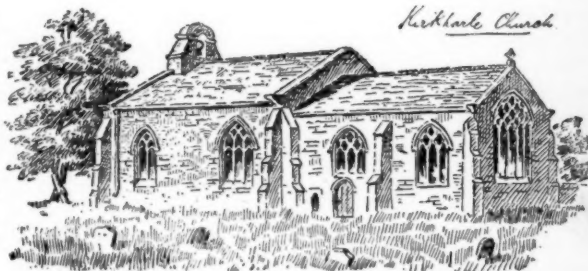
The church of Kirkharle contains one relic of considerable interest to Newcastle people. This is the



ancient font of All Saints' Church. When the old church of All Saints' was destroyed in 1786, this font was abandoned. At that time there was an alderman of Newcastle, Mr. Hugh Hornby, who was an antiquary. Mr. Hornby lived in Pilgrim Street. He, in some way, got possession of the old font and removed it to his garden. There it remained for many years. At a later period it was

transferred to the vicar's garden at Kirkharle, but some years ago was taken into the church, and is now used whenever the rite of baptism is performed on the infants of Kirkharle parish. It bears, as the reader will see, a shield of arms on each of its eight sides. These shields are adorned with the heraldic bearings of some of the old families of Newcastle and Northumberland. One coat, on which the arms of Lumley impale those of Thornton, remind us that George, Lord Lumley, married the granddaughter of the great Roger Thornton, and that Lumley and his wife in the days when this old font was new had their house in the Broad Chare, and were parishioners of All Saints', as Roger himself had been before them. Other shields bear the arms of the Andersons, the Rotherfords, the Dents, and the Roddams. The font may be ascribed to the end of the fifteenth or the early part of the sixteenth century.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.



Bondgate Tower, Alnwick.

BONDGATE TOWER, or Hotspur's Tower, as it is also called, is the only one left standing of the four gateways that once gave access to the town of Alnwick through the high and wide stone wall that formerly surrounded it. Two of the others, like the wall itself, have been removed altogether; and a third was quite rebuilt in an ornamental manner in the last century; but this remains integrate so far as its mass is concerned, though, doubtless, there were parapets and other minor features upon it that no longer exist. It is possible, too, it may have been crowned with a steep roof, leaving room behind the embattled parapets for a convenient foot walk, though we shall probably never know whether this was the case or not. An old survey mentions the decay of the lead covering, and also of the "roof of wood." It is tolerably certain it must have had a draw-bridge, as there is still, carried in a culvert below ground, a runlet of water from

the higher lands southwards that would have offered too great a facility for the formation of a moat to have been neglected.

This fine mass of mediæval masonry stands striding the chief road into the town from the south, which is called Bondgate Within, on the inner side of it, and Bondgate Without, on the outer. Hartshorne states that it was built by the son of Hotspur, who obtained a license for embattling the town in 1434; partly on account of that circumstance, and also on account of its exact correspondence in its general character and details with other work undertaken by that nobleman at Warkworth. But Tate brings forward documentary evidence that the license to wall, embattle, and machicolate the said wall was granted to the same lord and the burgesses of the town, and that so little was done at the time, and so slow the progress, that fifty years elapsed before it was completed. He quotes three documents preserved in the Corporation archives that throw light on the subject. One is a petition to the king, unnamed, from the burgesses and commonalty, saying the walling was begun, but could not be finished, and praying that he would grant a license without exacting a fee; the second is entitled "Letters patent from Henry VI.," who grants the burgesses certain customs and subsidies towards making the port of Alnmouth, walling the town of Alnwick, and repairing the parish church; and the third is entitled "Letters patent to gather a collection for building the town wall against the Scots," addressed to all the sons of the Holy Mother Church, setting forth that Edward the Fourth

had granted a license to embattle the town, on account of there being no walled town between Newcastle-on-Tyne and Scotland, which work was begun, but could not be carried on without help; and that the burgesses and commonalty had appointed John Paterson and Thomas Cirsewell to collect alms, subsidies, and gifts for that purpose throughout the realm.

The tower has three stages, the uppermost being weathered in; and the south front has two semi-octagonal towers slightly projecting beyond the archway, which are lighted by three small plain window-openings on the middle stage, and by arrow slits below. Over the archway is a recessed panel on which was carved the Brabant lion, a Percy device, now obliterated. Above this is a row of corbels intended for the support of extra defences, probably of wood, when needed. Many of the noble ashlar must measure two feet in length, and most of them are nearly a foot in depth. The archway is ribbed; and the deep groove of a portcullis at the outer end is in good repair.

On the side facing the town the window-openings are more numerous and of larger dimensions; most of them, however, are blocked up; one is divided by a mullion into two lights, and another of more considerable size has both a mullion and transom; nevertheless, those on the ground floor are mere arrow slits.

A small door in the archway on the south side opens upon a narrow stone stair leading up to the chamber over the gateway. This is now used by the militia band for their practices and instruction. It was once used for the



BONDGATE TOWER, ALNWICK.

safe-keeping of prisoners; and the Corporation accounts have items for straw and locks provided for them. Some dragoons were confined there in 1752, and six deserters in 1755.

SARAH WILSON.

An Arctic Expedition and a Newcastle Election.

By the late James Clephan.

EARLY in 1773, the Hon. Daines Barrington (whose younger brother was for a long number of years Bishop of Durham) moved the Royal Society to address the King on behalf of a voyage to try how far navigation was possible in the direction of the North Pole. George the Third, who took a lively and laudable interest in geographical discovery, listened to the proposal, and gave instructions for carrying it into execution. Two of his Majesty's ships, the *Racehorse* and *Carcass*, were selected for the service; and Captains Phipps and Lutwidge were appointed to the command of them. One of the midshipmen was Horatio Nelson. The highest latitude attained in 1773 was 80 deg. 48 min., where the ice at the pack edge was 24 feet thick; and there being no passage to be found north of Spitzbergen, the expedition returned. In the following year, and while he had in hand the quarto on his "Voyage towards the North Pole," the Hon. Constantine John Phipps stood a contest for the representation of the borough of Newcastle in Parliament.

The expedition of Captain Phipps sailed in the month of June, 1773, and about a month afterwards (July 3) was "running along by the coast of Spitzbergen all day: several Greenlandmen in sight." On the morning of the 7th, the loose ice was apparently "close all round"; but the commander "was in hopes that some opening might be found to get through to a clear sea to the northward." In the afternoon, "the ice settling very close," the *Racehorse* "was between two pieces," and, "having little wind," was stopped. "The *Carcass* being very near, and not answering her helm well (says Captain Phipps), was almost on board of us. After getting clear of her we ran to the eastward. Finding the pieces increase in number and size, and having got to a part less crowded with the drift ice, I brought to, at six in the evening, to see whether we could discover the least appearance of an opening; but it being my own opinion, as well as that of the pilots and officers, that we could go no further, nor even remain there without danger of being upset, I sent on board the *Carcass* for her pilots, to hear their opinion. They both declared that it appeared to them impracticable to proceed that way, and that it was pro-

bable we should soon be beset where we were, and detained there. The ice set so fast down, that before they got on board the *Carcass* we were fast. Captain Lutwidge hoisted our boat up, to prevent her being stove. We were obliged to heave the ship through for two hours, with ice anchors from each quarter; nor were we quite out of the ice till midnight. This is about the place where most of the old discoverers were stopped."

After two or three days of further exploration, Captain Phipps "began to conceive (on the 10th) that the ice was one compact, impenetrable body, having run along it from east to west above ten degrees," but purposed "to stand over to the eastward, in order to ascertain whether the body of ice joined to Spitzbergen." On the 29th, "having little wind, and the weather very clear, two of the officers went with a boat in pursuit of some sea-horses, and afterwards to the low island" opposite the Waygat Straits. "At six in the morning they returned. In their way back, they had fired at, and wounded, a sea-horse, which dived immediately, and brought up with it a number of others. They all joined in an attack upon the boat, wrested an oar from one of the men, and were with difficulty prevented from stoving or oversetting her; but a boat from the *Carcass* joining ours, they dispersed. One of that ship's boats had before been attacked in the same manner." On the 30th, the latitude at noon was by observation 80 deg. 31 min. Between 11 and 12 at night, there having been no appearance in the afternoon of an opening, the master, Mr. Crane, was sent in the four-oared boat amongst the ice, to try whether he could get through, and find any way by which the ship might have a prospect of sailing farther; with directions, if he could reach the shore, to go up one of the mountains, in order to discover the state of the ice to the eastward and northward. "At five in the morning, the ice being all around us, we got out our ice anchors, and moored alongside a field. The master returned between seven and eight; and with him Captain Lutwidge, who had joined him on shore. They had ascended a high mountain, from whence they commanded a prospect to the east and north-east ten or twelve leagues, over one continued plain of smooth, unbroken ice, bounded only by the horizon. They also saw land stretching to the S.E., laid down in the Dutch charts as islands. The main body of ice, which was traced from west to east, they now perceived to join these islands, and from them to what is called the North-East Land." Next day, "the weather very fine, the ice closed fast, and was all round the ships. No opening to be seen anywhere, except a hole of about a mile and a half, where the ships lay fast to the ice with ice anchors." All day long the mariners were at play on the ice; but the pilots were greatly concerned. They were "much further than they had ever been; and the season advancing, they seemed alarmed at being beset."

August came; the ice pressed in fast; there was not

now the smallest opening. The ships, less than two lengths apart, were separated by ice, and had not room to turn, the frozen expanse, all flat the day before, and almost level with the water's edge, was so no longer. The ice was now in many places forced higher than the main-yard, by the pieces squeezing together. "We had but one alternative, either patiently to wait the event of the weather upon the ships, in hopes of getting them out, or to betake ourselves to the boats. The ships had driven into shoal water, having but fourteen fathom. Should they, or the ice to which they were fast, take the ground, they must be inevitably lost, and probably over-set. The hope of getting the ships out was not hastily to be relinquished, nor obstinately adhered to, till all other means of retreat were cut off." Wintering under the circumstances was impracticable; nor could the companies remain much longer. The boats were prepared for departure; but endeavours were made to move the ships, and they were eventually forced through the ice, and to the harbour of Smeerenberg.

The ships sailed from Smeerenberg on the 19th, the commander making a note in his journal (August 22) that the season was so very far advanced, and fogs, as well as gales of wind, so much to be expected, that nothing more could have been done, had anything been left untried. "The summer appears to have been uncommonly favourable for our purpose, and afforded us the fullest opportunity of ascertaining repeatedly the situation of that wall of ice, extending for more than twenty degrees between the latitude of 80 and 81, without the smallest appearance of any opening."

The scene shifts. The navigators are once more at home. Captain Phipps is now among the printers with his book, now among the electors for their votes. No longer hemmed in by ice, he is beset by burgesses, and sees not how he shall get out—whether at the top or bottom of the poll. What a contrast between the 6th of July, 1773, and 6th of July, 1774! On the former day, he was in the silence of the Arctic Circle with a handful of men. On the latter, he was dragged along Tyne Bridge by Gatesiders and Novocastrians in the presence of vociferous thousands, guns firing, and the church bells ringing. From the head of Gateshead he and Mr. Thomas Delaval, the "Burgesses' Candidates," were drawn to Mr. Nelson's, the Black Bull, in the Bigg Market. Then, in due time, they came before the freemen in Barber Surgeons' Hall, and were unanimously approved by the assembly; after which, the incorporated companies were visited in their respective halls, "and they were received in the genteel manner."

Some of the companies had been presented, in the month of May, with copies of a book intended to influence public opinion on the eve of the general election. "Yesterday," said the *Newcastle Chronicle* on the 28th, "the Company of Bricklayers, the Company

of Goldsmiths, and the Lumber Troop, in this town, received each, by the fly, two large quarto volumes, from an unknown person in London, entitled 'The Chains of Slavery,' with a Prefatory Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely attention to the choice of proper representatives in the next Parliament. The work is spirited, and appears through the whole a masterly execution." The "unknown person" was probably the author, the afterwards too well-known Jean Paul Marat, once a brief resident in Newcastle. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 49.)

The rival candidates for the representation of Newcastle in 1774 were the "Burgesses' Candidates," Captain Phipps and Mr. Delaval, and the "Magistrates' Candidates," Sir Walter Blackett and Sir Matthew White Ridley. Sir Matthew had succeeded in 1763 to the baronetcy of his uncle; and now, his father having retired after representing the borough in four Parliaments, he offered himself to the electors as his successor. But he and Sir Walter were stoutly opposed by a party who had raised the question "Whether the Magistrates or the Burgesses should elect the Members." The governing body, however, had great power, and the independent party fought against fearful odds. It is difficult for the present generation to conceive how strong were the old Corporations—the ruling powers of the close boroughs, where none but free burgesses had a vote in the elections, and all who were thus qualified, wherever they might happen to reside, could flock from far and near to the poll. The canvass might extend to any corner of the kingdom; and in 1774 it went on from the beginning of July to the middle of October. From week to week there were paragraphs in the newspapers. Shots were flying on all sides. There is a story in the *Chronicle* of "a great lady here," who "smartly told Captain Phipps," on his round of the electors, "that he had better keep his *canvas* to mend his *sails*." In another column the electors are reminded of the remark of "a celebrated writer," made when the gallant captain was preparing to set out on his expedition to explore the polar regions, "that it was to be lamented so able a senator, so worthy a man, so good a speaker, and so firm a patriot as Captain Phipps should hazard his life upon so precarious a voyage as that to the North Pole, when his virtues rendered him so dear to the public."

In the night of the 9th August, on his return to Newcastle after a temporary absence, Captain Phipps was drawn out of Gateshead by a number of his admirers, preceded by flambeaux. The Bricklayers elected him, and also Delaval, members of their company, and presented each of them with a silver trowel and mahogany hod. It is an incident from which we may gather how great was the excitement roused by the contest.

Wednesday, the 10th of August, was the anniversary of "the day on which (in 1773) the burgesses were confirmed in their right to the Town Moor." There was a popular

commemoration of the event. Great were the rejoicings on the occasion. "For the pastime of the multitude, a bull was baited on the Moor, decorated about the head with satirical emblems consonant to the present contest, and which made much diversion to the spectators."

Six hundred and fifteen persons are said to have been admitted to their freedom at the guild preceding the poll, which commenced on the 11th of October, at a "well-contrived erection of wood-work," placed "in the open under-part of the Guildhall." The electors recorded their votes in tallies, so that the candidates stood pretty equal so long as they all had supporters to bring up. On Monday, the sixth day, Phipps slightly headed the poll. But the forces of the Burgesses' Candidates were now well-nigh spent, and on Tuesday they retired from the contest. The poll, however, still went on, and was kept open over Wednesday; when, after it had been prolonged for eight days, it came to a close, thirty-two companies having taken part in the election. The number of freemen that polled was 2,164, the votes being thus given:—

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| Sir Walter Blackett..... | 1,432 |
| Sir Matthew White Ridley | 1,411 |
| Hon. Constantine John Phipps | 795 |
| Thomas Delaval, Esq..... | 677 |

The Butchers gave the largest number of votes (viz., 238). Then came the Masters and Mariners (210), the Smiths (186), the Merchants (184), the Shipwrights (141), the Barber Surgeons (137), and the Cordwainers (115), none of the remainder polling so many as a hundred. Phipps and Blackett had a majority of the votes of the Butchers' Company; Ridley and Phipps, of the House Carpenters'; Phipps and Delaval, of the Joiners' and the Bricklayers'. In all the other companies Blackett and Ridley were in a majority.

Sir Walter was the acknowledged "King of Newcastle." Large and powerful was his following. On his canvasses "he was generally attended by about five hundred gentlemen, tradesmen, and others, some of whom had weight with almost every freeman." "He was acknowledged, by all who knew him, to stand unrivalled" as a canvasser. "His open countenance and courtly deportment, his affability of manner, and, what with many is the greatest consideration, his strict integrity in keeping his electioneering promises—this powerful combination of circumstances, as was observed by Captain Phipps, set all competition with Sir Walter for the representation of Newcastle at defiance." Six times he had been elected aforetime, winning his seat at the poll in 1734, and maintaining his place in "the great contest" of 1741, when four Aldermen of Newcastle fought for supremacy; and now, by a third poll, forty years after the first, he was sent to his seventh and last Parliament. Death alone being able to dethrone this local monarch.

These were "the good old days." The month of October, which witnessed the issue of the contest of 1774, did not pass away without "a cold collation and

ball" at the old Assembly Rooms in the Groat Market. There the successful candidates entertained their friends. "Sir Walter Blackett and Miss Ridley, Sir Matthew White Ridley and Miss Trevalian, opened the ball." Recording spectators were present in the throng. "The ladies in particular," says one of them, "made a most splendid appearance in their dress, and were not less attracting in their personal charms and gaiety of humour." "They seemed to vie with each other," says another, "in the taste and magnificence of their habits, which were richly ornamented with jewels."

The times are changed; the freemen have ceased to be the exclusive electors; candidates give no collations or balls; and bulls are not baited on the Moor. The town is changed: the Tyne is changed. Captain Phipps, as a naval officer, lamented the condition of the river navigation in 1774. Nature, he remarked, had given the district a noble river, and neglect had turned it into "a cursed horse-pond." There is now neither close Corporation nor close Conservatorship. The management of the river has been thrown open to the towns that border the navigable channel; and the reproach of the Arctic navigator would now have been exchanged for approval and commendation.

The Mosstroopers.

IV.

THE GALLANT GRAEMES.



HE laxity of Border morals with respect to property is seen in the very animated ballads of "Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead," the "Lochmaben Harper," "Dick o' the Cow," &c. On the other hand, courage, fidelity, enterprise, and all the martial virtues are exemplified in "Kinmont Willie," "Jock o' the Side," "Archie o' Ca'field," &c. In Hughie the Graeme, the hero of another beautiful ballad, we have a good type of the mosstroopers who inhabited the Debateable Land, and who were to the full as fickle in their allegiance, and as impartial in their depredations, as either the Liddesdale or the Tynedale thieves. The "gallant Graemes" were said to be of Scottish extraction, but in military service they were more attached to England than to their mother country. They were, however, as the gentlemen of Cumberland alleged to Lord Scroope, in the year 1600, "with their children, tenants, and servants, the chiefest actors in the spoil and decay" of that part of the kingdom. The following members of the clan appear in a list of about four hundred Borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to the Bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils by them committed:—Ritchie Graeme of Bailie, Will's Jock Graeme, Muckle Willie Graeme, Will Graeme of Rosetrees, Richie

Graeme, younger, of Netherby; Wat Graeme, called Flaughttail; Will Graeme, called Nimble Willie; and Will Graeme, called Mickle Willie. The Debateable Land and parts adjoining gave shelter in all emergencies to such lawless men as found it necessary to cut and run from their own side of the Border. Fugitive Graemes found a safe refuge in Liddesdale, and fugitive Elliots and Armstrongs in Cumberland. Carey, Earl of Monmouth, tells, in his "Memoirs," a long story of one of the Graemes harbouring two Scottishmen who had killed a churchman in Scotland, and refusing to give them up to him as deputy-warden of the West March, when he went to his strong tower, about five miles from Carlisle, to demand them in the king's name. Graeme, when he saw Carey coming, sent off a "bonny boy," to ride as fast as his horse could carry him, to bring assistance from Liddesdale. Carey, on his side, arranged to assemble between seven and eight hundred men, horse and foot, and set about besieging the tower. The garrison offered to parley, and yielded themselves to his mercy, seeing that timely help did not come. But they had no sooner opened the iron gate than four hundred horsemen appeared within a quarter of a mile, where, seeing the attacking party so numerous, they halted, and "stood at gaze." "Then," says Carey, "had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them, for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers and uncles, and our cousins, and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden, and God hath put them into our hands that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.'" The deputy-warden gave them a fair answer, but resolved not to give them their desire, fearing the personal consequences to himself, it being a time of peace. He sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the haste they could, for if they stayed the messenger's return there would few of them get back to their own homes. Prudently they made no stay, but hurried away homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message; but the Cumberland men were very ill satisfied, though they durst not disobey. The Graemes, being deemed incorrigible, were some time afterwards transported to Ireland, but most of them found their way back before long to the banks of the Eak, and were permitted to take root again there. Fuller, in his quaint style, says they came to church as seldom as the 29th of February came into the calendar. Their sons were "free of the (stouthrift) trade of their father's copy." They were like unto Job, "not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day."

THE LIDDESDALE THIEVES.

The next neighbours of the Graemes, the Liddesdale

thieves, were quite as great a pest. Maitland says of them—

Of Liddesdale the common thieves
Sae pertly steals now and reives,
That nane dare keep
Horse, colt, nor sheep,
Nor yet dare sleep
For their mischieves.
They plainly through the country rides;
I trow the muckle devil them guides;
Where they on-set,
Aye i' the gait,
There is nae yett
Nor door them bides.

THE INGLEWOOD FOREST THIEVES.

A link between the outlaws on the Scottish Border and those in Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, is supplied by Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Clou-desly, the heroes of a ballad as old as Henry VIII.'s days. This trio is supposed to have been contemporary with the father of Robin Hood, who is represented as having beaten them at shooting at a mark. They lived a wild life in the North Countree, at some undetermined period. That they flourished before the reign of Henry is clear from the fact that Engle or Ingle Wood, which they frequented, was disforested by Henry, and had become in Camden's time "a dreary moor, with high distant hills on both sides, and a few stone farm-houses and cottages along the road." Ingleborough, a hill which obtained its name, as the Eildons in Roxburghshire did, from the beacon-fires anciently lighted on its summit, stood on the confines of this forest, which extended from Carlisle to Penrith. Frequent allusions to the three outlaws above-named occur in the plays of the Elizabethan age.

THE REDESDALE THIEVES.

A survey made in 1542 describes the Redesdale men as living in shiels during the summer months, and pasturing their cattle in the graynes and haves of the country on the south side of the Coquet, about Redlees and Milkwood, or on the waste grounds which sweep along the eastern marches of North Tynedale, about the Dogburn Head, Hawcup Edge, or Hollinhead. At this time they not only joined with their neighbours of Tynedale in acts of rapine and spoil, but often went as guides to the Scottish thieves in expeditions to harry and burn the towns and villages in Tynedale Ward, separated from their own country by the broad tracks of waste land stretching to the south of Elsdon, from the Simonside Hills to about Thockrington. Ponteland, Birtley, Gunnerston, and that neighbourhood suffered repeatedly from this sore grievance. The district to the north of the Coquet was equally harassed by inroads made through the Windy Gate, at the head of Beaumont Water, or by the old Watling Street, from Jed Forest; and the inhabitants could get little or no redress for the losses they sustained, it being next to impossible to identify the thieves, who were, indeed, almost as often English as Scotch. Those among the young dalesmen were most praised and

cherished by their elders who showed themselves the most expert thieves, and in this respect they would not have yielded the palm to the best Spartan that ever lived. In moonlight expeditions, whether into Scotland or England, they delighted. From generation to generation they went on from bad to worse, and it actually seemed as if it would be necessary to exterminate them, in order to pacify the country. It was to little purpose that a watch was set, from sunset to sunrise, at several places, passages and fords, "endalong" the Middle Marches; for the Scottish thieves generally had abettors and accomplices amongst the inhabitants of the districts visited, who led them by circuitous paths—as Ephialtes the Melian led the Persians over the mountains to Thermopylae—down into the low country, where a richer spoil was to be had, that would afford the guides as well as the guided something for their trouble. Ten years after the date of the above survey, John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, and his deputy, Lord Dacre, established a day watch also, upon a more enlarged plan than had hitherto been devised. Its carrying out, however, was necessarily entrusted to the principal inhabitants or head men, and so it was of very little use; for seven years later, in 1559, we find Sir Ralph Sadler, who was for a short time warden of the East and Middle Marches, and was well experienced in Border matters, describing the people as still "naughty, evil, unruly, and misdemeanant." The Redesdale thieves, he says, were no better than "very rebels and outlaws," and he could see no way of bringing them into order but by having a garrison of soldiers amongst them.

THE LAW OF GAVELKIND.

Over-population was set down, by superficial thinkers, as one cause of the turbulence of the dalemen. Five or six families would ostensibly subsist, for instance, on a poor farm of a noble rent (six and eightpence sterling), their principal means of living really being systematic theft. Tynedale and Redesdale had never been subdued by William the Conqueror or his successors, and consequently they retained, till the middle of the seventeenth century, as Kent still does, the ancient Saxon law and custom of Gavelkind, whereby the lands of the father were equally divided at his death among all the sons. Neither did they forfeit their lands when convicted of a capital crime, the old maxim holding good in these parts, to which the feudal tenure was still foreign:—

The father to the bough,
And the son to the plough,—

meaning, that when the father was hanged, the son took his estate, instead of it reverting to the Crown. Gray, in his "Chorographia," says there was every year a number of these thieves brought in to Newcastle Gaol, and sometimes twenty or thirty of them were condemned and hanged at the assizes. This would soon have reduced the number of lairds but for gavelkind. As it was, the more of them that were hanged, the more were left, at least if the individuals "justified," whether at

Newcastle, Hexham, Morpeth, or Carlisle, were family men. Hundreds, nay, thousands of them, read or had read for them their "neck-verse" at Hairibee, or on some other noted gallow-hill—places where the hangman always did his work by daylight, and had something like "constant ploy," and where, occasionally, hanging came first and judgment afterwards, for the very good reason that, if a malefactor was not immediately strung up whenever he was caught, there was some probability that his friends would come to the rescue, and the "woodie" would be cheated. If we turn to "a Rental of the Ancient Principality of Redesdale in 1618," printed in the "Archæologia Æliana," we shall find that, in spite of all these hangings, this tract of country was still "overcharged with an excessive number of inhabitants," and an old French historian, quoted by Pinkerton, tells us "the country was more abundant in savages than cattle."

HEXHAMSHIRE.

The district called Hexhamshire, so long as it was reckoned a county palatine, and possessed what Hutchinson calls "the ignominious privilege of sanctuary," was an asylum of thieves and robbers, the greatest offenders to the crown and their country daily removing thither, upon hope and trust of refuge thereby, to the great comfort and encouragement of many of the vilest and worst subjects and offenders in all the north parts, and to the great offence of the Almighty, and most manifest hindrance of good execution of law and justice. On this account the privilege was taken away by statute in the reign of Elizabeth, and Hexhamshire incorporated into Northumberland. The old proverbial taunt, however, is still sometimes heard—"Go to Hexham!"

THE HALLS.

The Halls appear to have been in bad repute, even amongst their neighbours, in consequence of Hall, of Girsonsfield, near Otterburn, having betrayed Percival or Percy Reed, of Troughend, a keeper of Redesdale, to a Scottish clan of the name of Crozier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed. From this act they were called "the fause hearted Ha's," and when they entered a house to obtain refreshment, the cheese used to be set before them with the bottom uppermost, an expression of the host's dislike to their company. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, p. 370.) In the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth (A.D. 1572), at midsummer, two men named Hall, from Oxnam, Jed, or Rule Water (for there were clans named Hall on both sides, and both of moss-trooper breed), made a foray across the Border, and carried off from Roger Fenwick, of Rothley, and his tenants, a hundred and forty kine, of which outrage Roger complained to the Council of the North, moreover alleging that the Laird of Bedrule, the Laird of Edgerston, Aynsley of Faulby, and others, had given shelter to the Halls, though they knew them to be common thieves. In the twenty-eighth of Elizabeth, the Halls, of Elishaw,

between Otterburn and Rochester, were suddenly visited by the chiefs of the Ellots, Croziers, and Nixons, of Liddesdale, with eighty or more of their clansmen, who killed the head of the house and carried off forty oxen, two horses, and thirty pounds worth of household stuff. In the pursuit two brothers Wanless were slain. A few years previous the Halls of Overacres, or Haveracres, near Elsdon, and ten other householders of the immediate locality, were alarmed by the appearance of a hundred and sixty Elliots, Croziers, and Nobles, who swept away a hundred and forty head of cattle, twenty horses, and ten pounds worth of household stuff, killed John Hall, and lamed eight of his followers, who had made a vigorous but ineffectual defence.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

The Village of Ponteland.

PONTELAND is a picturesque and pleasantly located village, on the river Pont, from which it derives its name. The old North Road passes through it, and this fact gave it an importance in bygone times which it does not now possess. It may be called a remote place, at least in these days, when we expect the railway to carry us to any spot which it is worth our while to visit. Newcastle is seven miles from Ponteland, along a road which is as good as could be wished, but which, nevertheless, is lonely and in many places bleak. Yet Newcastle is practically the nearest point to Ponteland to which we can get by rail; for though Stanington, on the Morpeth Line, is perhaps a mile nearer, yet what is gained in distance is lost in the character of the road. Thrice every week Ponteland communicates with Newcastle, and Newcastle with Ponteland, by means of sundry antiquated and incommensurable omnibuses, described in directories and elsewhere by the dignified term "coaches," which afford, inside and out, amidst their crowded freight of "goods, chattels, and effects," such an experience of discomfort to passengers travelling with them as could not with ease be equalled.

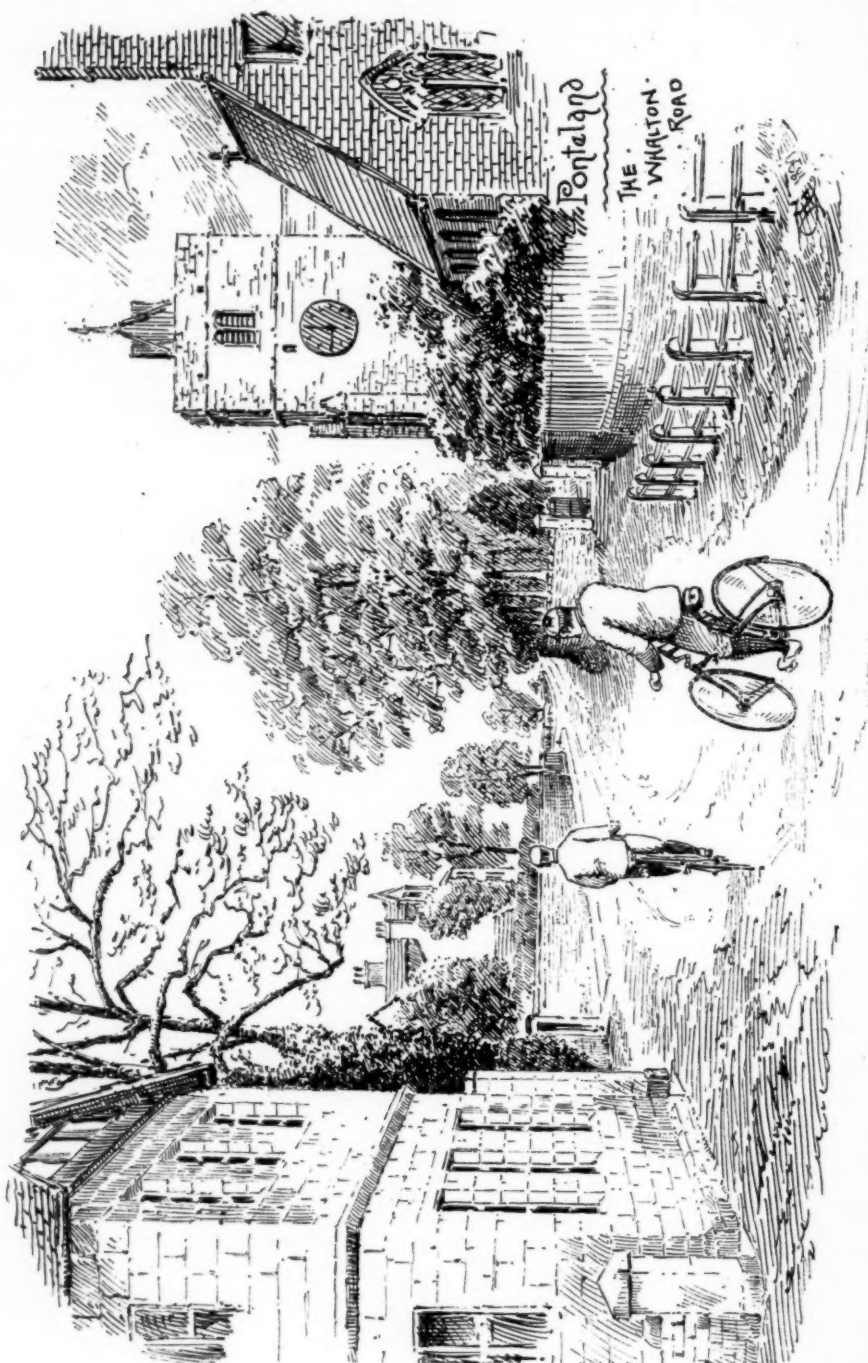
Yet Ponteland merits being visited, not merely for its quiet rural aspect, nor solely that its ancient church, dating back to early Norman times, may be seen, nor even that the "Blackbird"—not to mention the "Seven Stars" and the "Diamond"—with its ancient apartments, may be examined, but quite as much for the sake of the historical associations which cluster round the place. There is no evidence to connect Ponteland itself with Roman occupation, although, from the fancied resemblance of the name, William Camden identified it with the Pons Aelii of the Romans. The earliest history of Ponteland is embedded in the walls of the church—an edifice of great interest, to which, by-and-by, an entire article ought to be devoted. In the early part of the

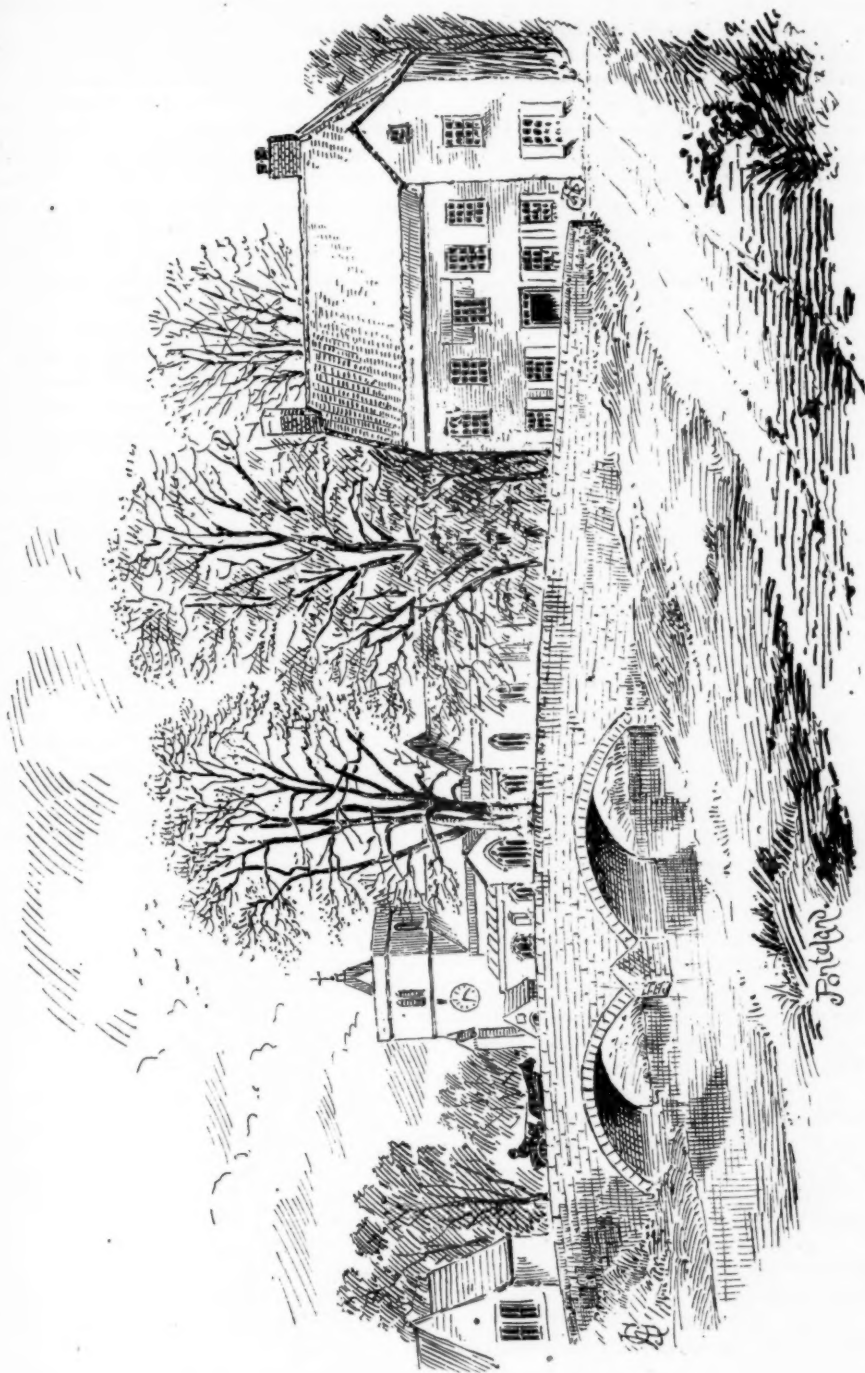
thirteenth century the Manor of Ponteland seems to have been in the hands of a family which took its name from the place, and in the "Testa de Nevill," Gilbert de Eland is mentioned as the tenant *in capite*.

The first event connected with Ponteland mentioned in the page of our national history occurs in the reign of Henry III. That was an age of frequent feuds between the Kings of England and Scotland. One of the Scottish chronicles tells us that "the accursed traitor Walter Bisset" and his associates employed themselves in poisoning the ear of Henry against Alexander, the King of Scotland, until at last the English King gathered his army together and marched to Newcastle. From Newcastle he went forward to Ponteland, and there he was met by Alexander, who was accompanied by a large army. Instead of fighting, however, "a treaty of peace was concluded between them, on the vigil of the Assumption [*i.e.*, on the 24th August, 1244], chiefly at the instance of the Archbishop of York and of other nobles."

Shortly after this event, we find Ponteland in the hands of a noble, almost a royal family. The battle of Northampton was fought on the 3rd April, 1264. In the desperate struggle against the arbitrary proceedings of Henry III., of which that battle was the climax, Roger Bertram, Lord of Mitford, took part with the Earl of Leicester against the King. He was taken prisoner, and all his estates in Northumberland were forfeited to the Crown. Ponteland was amongst the number. Henry granted these estates to William de Valence, his half-brother. This William was the son and heir of Hugh le Brun and Isabella Angouleme, the fascinating and lovely widow of King John. He was succeeded by his son, Sir Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who is chiefly memorable for his singular death. Aymer was thrice married. His third wife was Mary, daughter of Guy de Chastillon, Earl of St. Paul. On his wedding-day he engaged in a tournament, and—was killed, leaving to his bride the unusual fate of being maid, wife, and widow in a single day. From him the barony of Mitford, with its dependent manors, of which Ponteland was one, seems to have passed to a niece, Joan Cumin, whose father, John Cumin, was stabbed in the heart by Robert Bruce of Scotland before the high altar of the convent of Friars Minors at Dumfries. Joan Cumin married David de Strathbolgie, the eleventh Earl of Athol, whose father, David, the tenth Earl, was hanged on a gibbet 40 feet high, on account of his adherence to the cause of Robert Bruce. His head was fixed on London Bridge, and his body was burnt to ashes. From the eleventh earl Ponteland descended to the twelfth earl, another David de Strathbolgie, who was as ill-fated as some of his ancestors, for he was slain in Scotland, at the age of 28, whilst fighting in the cause of Edward III.

The next lord of Ponteland cannot be dismissed so rapidly as some of the preceding owners. He was no other than the famed Sir Aymer de Athol, brother of the





last named Earl of Athol, and Lord of Jesmond and Ponteland. To him a venerable tradition assigns the gift to the burgesses of Newcastle of their Town Moor; and although part at least of this great freehold was in their possession long before Sir Aymer's time, there can be little doubt that some portion of it is a benefaction of his. Sir Aymer lived in his castle at Ponteland. Opposite the west end of the church is a long range of old buildings, of Elizabethan or Jacobean date, and partly occupied by a genuine hostelry of the olden time, well known as the "Blackbird." But behind these are portions of a much earlier residence, which we may feel quite safe in identifying with the fortalice of Sir Aymer de Athol. There is a barrel vaulted apartment, now used as a combined stable and byre. Then there is a marvellously wide fireplace, though the walls by which it was enclosed have, within the memory of persons still living, been removed. A stone staircase which winds round and round a square central block of masonry is worthy of careful examination. But most interesting is the lintel of the doorway of an outhouse, on which are incised the sombre words, "HOMO BVLLA" (Man is a bubble).

Here, then, lived Sir Aymer de Athol. It is curious to read that he and Sir Ralph Eure, in 1381, were knights of the shire of Northumberland, and had each 4s. a day allowed during their attendance in Parliament. Sir Aymer was at Ponteland on the eve of the battle of Otterburn. For three days James, Earl of Douglas, had laid siege to Newcastle, and on the last day of the siege he had unhorsed Sir Henry Percy, the celebrated Hotspur, in single combat. But very early the following morning he withdrew his forces and took the road north. "They came," an old chronicler tells us, "to a town and castle called Ponclau [i.e., Ponteland], of which Sir Haymon d'Aphel, a very valiant knight of Northumberland, was lord. They halted there about four o'clock in the morning, as they learnt the knight to be within it, and made preparations for the assault. This was done with such courage that the place was won, and the knight made prisoner. After they had burnt the town and castle, they marched away for Otterburn, which was eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped themselves."

Sir Aymer founded a chantry, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, in the church of St. Andrew, Newcastle. In his chantry he was buried in 1402. A memorial brass which recorded his name and that of his second wife, and bore their effigies, remained till recent years; but piece after piece was gradually torn off, and given away, lost, or sold for old metal. One last precious fragment is amongst the treasures possessed by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, and is preserved in the museum at the Black Gate.

After the lapse of a few generations we find Ponteland in the hands of a branch of the great Northumbrian family of Mitford. One Anthony Mitford, who held

Ponteland in the early days of Queen Elizabeth, was a man of considerable importance amongst his peers. His granddaughter, Margaret, married Mark Errington, of Wolsington. By this marriage Ponteland passed to the Erringtons, by whom it was held from 1597 to 1774. Mark Errington partly rebuilt the manor house, and his initials occur twice upon its front, and again upon a mantel-piece in a room, which he seems to have partly rebuilt, over the barrel vaulted apartment that I have already mentioned. From the Erringtons, the manor house and its extensive estates passed to the Silvertops, but before they entered upon it the more romantic history of Ponteland was completed.

Two views accompany this article—one representing the bridge over the Pont, with the church beyond; the other showing the road to Whalton, also with the church. Of the remains of the two old towers at Ponteland, a few particulars, with a sketch of one of them, will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1889, p. 367. JACOB BEE.

Captain Zachary Howard, the Cavalier Highwayman.



JOHNSON'S "Lives and Adventures of the most Famous Highwaymen, Pyrates," &c., published in 1753, contains a long account of a Captain Zachary Howard, who seems to have been one of the most arrant rogues that England ever bred. As the scene of one of his exploits was Newcastle-upon-Tyne, some notice of him may be given here to show the sort of literature that pleased our ancestors. One or two of the anecdotes related by Johnson are too gross, indeed, for publication; but with the exception of these, we shall give the details much as our authority sets them down, premising, however, that they are probably altogether false.

Captain Howard, it seems, was a gentleman born and bred. His father died in 1641, just about the breaking out of the Civil War, and left him an estate in Gloucestershire, worth fourteen hundred pounds a year. A sincere feeling of loyalty inspired him with the ambition of fighting for his king and country; and he accordingly mortgaged his estate for twenty thousand pounds, and raised a troop of horse with the money for the service of King Charles, who gave him the command of it. He remained in the army, fighting with gallantry, till the Republican party became sole masters of the field; and then, with many other cavaliers, he retired into exile.

But he did not continue long abroad. In the course of a few months, he seems to have returned to England, though there is some confusion in the record as to dates. Johnson says he was in attendance on King Charles II. at the battle of Worcester, where "he performed wonders

to the honour of the royal army, and more especially to his own honour and praise; for he was even taken notice of and applauded by his Majesty himself." But this statement is plainly false, being altogether inconsistent with what follows, and with the date of the captain's untimely forced departure from this sublunary world. For Worcester was fought on the 3rd of September, 1651, and Howard paid the last penalty of the law only a few months subsequently, after the spring assizes in the following year. However this may have been, "having lost his estate, and being out of all employment, he could find no other way of supporting himself than by robbing upon the highway—a very indifferent method, indeed, but what a great many gentlemen in those days were either obliged to take to, or to want bread."

Johnson goes on to tell us—

His said of Howard that when he resolved on this course of life, he did like Hind and some others of his contemporaries, in swearing he would be revenged, as far as lay in his power, of all persons who were against the interest of his royal master. Accordingly, we are told, that he attacked all whom he met, and knew to be of that party. It appears, too, by the following accounts, that he succeeded in hunting out those regicides. The first whom he assaulted on the road was the Earl of Essex, who had been general-in-chief of all the Parliament's forces. His lordship was riding over Bagshot Heath, with five or six in retinue; nevertheless, Zachary rode boldly up to the coach door, commanded the driver to stand and my lord to deliver, adding that if he did not comply with his demand without words, neither he nor any of his servants should have any quarter. It was unaccountable how a general, who had been always used to success, with so many attendants, should be terrified at the menaces of a single highwayman. But it was so, that his honour gave him £1,200, which he had in the coach, and which had been squeezed out of forfeited estates, Church lands, and sequestrations, not being willing to venture his life for such a trifle at a time when the party had such a plentiful harvest to reap. Zachary was so well contented with his booty that he let the rebellious nobleman pass without punishing him any further for his disloyalty, only desiring him to get such another sum against he met him again in some other convenient place.

Another time, on Newmarket Heath, Howard overtook the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney's nephew, who had made himself conspicuous in Parliament by his speeches against kingly tyranny.

Only one footman attended his honour, and Zachary, going in company with them, held his lordship in discourse for about half a mile, when, coming to a place proper for his design, he pulled out a pistol, and spoke the terrifying precept, with the addition of a whole volley of oaths, what he would do to him if he did not surrender that minute. "You seem," says the earl, "by your swearing, to be a ranting cavalier. Have you taken a lease of your life, sir, that you dare venture it thus against two men?" Howard answered, "I would venture it against two more, with your idol Cromwell at the head of you, notwithstanding the great noise he has made." "O," says P—, "he's a precious man, and has fought the lord's battles with success." Zachary replied with calling Oliver and all his crew a company of dastardly cowards, and putting his lordship in mind that talking bred delays, and delays are dangerous: "Therefore," says he, "out with your purse this moment, or I shall out with your soul, if you have any." The earl still delaying, Howard dismounted him by shooting his horse, and then took from him a purse full of broad pieces of gold and a rich diamond ring; then, making him

mount behind his man, he tied them back to back, and in that condition left them. My lord rode, swearing, cursing, and damning, to the next town, with his face towards the horse's tail, when a great multitude of people gathered about him, some laughing, others wondering at his riding in that preposterous manner, till he declared the occasion, and the people very civilly released him.

General Fairfax, who got the chief command of the Parliamentary forces after the Earl of Essex, having taken up his quarters for some time in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Howard, who chanced to be on a visit to the same town, sought an opportunity of robbing him.

It came to the captain's ear that Fairfax was about sending a man to his lady with some plate which had been presented to him by the Mayor and Aldermen of that Corporation; so that when the day came that the fellow set out with the prize, our highwayman also took his leave of Newcastle, and rode after the Roundhead servant. He overtook him on the road and fell into deep discourse with him about the present times, which Howard seemed as well pleased with as the other, who took him really for an honest fellow as he seemed, and offered still to bear him company. They baited, dined, supped, and lay together, and so continued in this friendly manner till the messenger came within a day's journey of the seat where his lady resided. Next morning being the last day they were to be together, Howard thought it was now high time to execute his design, which he did with a great deal of difficulty. Being come to a place proper to act his part in, Zachary pulled out his commission and commanded the fellow to deliver the portmanteau, in which was the plate, to the value of two hundred and fifty pounds. The other, being as resolute to preserve as Howard was to take it from him, refused to comply; whereupon a sharp combat ensued between them, in which the captain had his horse shot under him, after a discharge of two or three pistols on either side. The encounter still lasted; for our highwayman continued to fire on foot till he shot his adversary through the head, which occasioned him to fall and breathe his last in a moment. When Howard saw the man dead, he thought it his best way to get off the ground as fast as he could; so, nimbly mounting the remaining horse who carried the treasure, he rode about five miles from the place where the act was committed, and then deposited the portmanteau in a hollow tree, and went to dinner at the next town. From thence he made the best of his way to Faringdon in Berkshire, where Madam Fairfax was, and whither the fellow he had killed was bound. He reached thither that evening, and delivered the following letter to the lady, which he had found in the pockets of the deceased:—

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August 12, 1650.

My Dear,—Hoping that you and my daughter Elizabeth are in good health, this comes to acquaint you that my presence is so agreeable to the inhabitants of this place, that their mayor and aldermen have presented me with a large quantity of plate, which I have sent to you by my man Thomas, a new servant, whom I would have you treat very kindly, he being recommended to me by several gentlemen as a very honest, worthy man. The Lord be praised, I am very well, and earnestly long for the happiness of enjoying your company, which I hope to do within this month or five weeks at farthest. In the meantime, I subscribe myself, your loving husband till death,
FAIRFAX.

The lady, learning by the contents that a parcel of plate was sent by the bearer, inquired of him where it was. Her supposed man readily told her that he was in danger of being robbed of it on such a heath by some suspicious persons; and that therefore, lest he should meet with the same men again, or others like them, he had lodged his charge in the hands of a substantial innkeeper at such a town, from whence he could fetch it in two days. This pretence of his carefulness pleased his new mistress very much, and confirmed the character which her husband had sent; so that she made very much of him, and desired him to go to bed betimes, that he might rest from the fatigues of his journey. The whole family at this time consisted only of the lady, her daughter, two maids, and two men servants. No sooner were all these gone to

their repose than Howard arose, dressed himself, and with sword and pistol in hand, went into the servants' apartments, whom he threatened with present death if they made the least noise. All four of these he tied with bad cords and gagged them. Having secured those whom he most feared, he went into Mrs. Fairfax's chamber and served her and her daughter as he had done the servants; then he proceeded to make a strict scrutiny into the trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, finding in all two thousand broad pieces of gold and some silver, with which he departed to his portmanteau in the tree, which he also carried off.

After he had committed this robbery and murder, a proclamation was issued by the Commonwealth, promising five hundred pounds to anyone who should apprehend the rascal; whereupon, to avoid being taken, he fled into Ireland, where he continued his former courses, till, being grown as notorious there as in England, he thought it advisable to return. He landed at Hoyle Lake, Highlake, or Hoylake, at the mouth of the Dee, and proceeded thence to the city of Chester, at the same time that Oliver Cromwell lay there with a party of horse. Passing for a gentleman who was going to travel into foreign countries for the improvement of his mind, he put up at the same inn where the hero of the Commonwealth had taken up his quarters. He, moreover, counterfeited himself to be a Roundhead, and frequently spoke against the royal family, applauding the murder of King Charles I. up to the skies. By this means he got familiar with Cromwell, who was so taken with his conversation that he would seldom dine or sup without him, or hardly suffer him to be ever out of his company, when he was not actually engaged with business. Here follows an episode for which we are undoubtedly beholden to the narrator, or to some of the wicked wits who found congenial employment in inventing scurrilous tales about the redoubted Protector after his death.

Our captain enjoyed his liberty but a very little time after this visit to Chester; for, venturing one day to attack half-a-dozen Republican officers together, as they were riding over Blackheath, he was overpowered by their number; and, though he vigorously defended himself, so as to kill one and wound two more of them, he was at last taken by the remaining three. These carried the bold robber before a magistrate, who forthwith committed him to Maidstone gaol. Thither, says Johnson, Oliver went to see him, and insulted him with a great many reproaches, "to all which Howard replied with his usual bravery and wit, to the utter confusion of poor Noll."

When he came to his trial at the ensuing assizes, many strange witnesses appeared against him. Not only the officers who took him, but even Cromwell himself, and General Fairfax's wife and daughter, gave in their depositions, besides a vast number of others whom he had robbed at several times. So that he was sentenced for two rapes, two murders, and as many robberies, to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. At the place of execution, where he appeared clothed in white, he confessed himself guilty of everything he stood charged

with, but declared he was sorry for nothing but the murders he had committed. Yet even these, he said, appeared to be the less criminal when he considered the persons who had been the victims. He professed, further, that if he were pardoned, and at liberty again, he would never leave off robbing the Roundheads, so long as there was any of them left in England. The wretched man is said to have ended his life in 1651-2, being thirty-two years of age.

Such is the story as we read it in a daring romance that was held in great favour by our forefathers.

The Seamen's Riot at Sunderland, 1825.

DURING the summer of 1825, a refractory spirit prevailed among the seamen of the North-Eastern ports, the great majority of whom had formed themselves into a union, denominated the Loyal Standard Association, for the purpose of bettering their condition, and forcing their employers to agree to such terms as they deemed themselves fairly entitled to claim. The shipowners, on the other hand, refused either to raise wages, to increase the quota of hands per ton, to pay for heaving ballast, or do anything whatever to redress the alleged grievances of the men. The result was a general strike on the part of the seamen of the Tyne, Wear, and Blyth, which lasted for several weeks, and was years after remembered as "The Long Stick." The owners, while the seamen continued to object to the terms offered to them, hired men belonging to other ports. They likewise got together lads from the Orkney and Shetland Islands and the East Coast of Scotland, and had them bound to themselves as apprentices.

As in all such cases, both parties claimed to be in the right; and instead of conciliatory measures being taken to put an end to the differences that existed, masters and men vied with each other in putting the worst possible construction on each other's conduct, and imputing all sorts of unworthy motives to each other, so that the mutual bad feeling increased from day to day, till it rose to a dangerous height. One of the leading Sunderland shipowners, indeed, Mr. Robert Scurfield, attempted to mediate between the parties at that port, and made a proposition to the men which they ultimately accepted; but when it was laid before the shipowners at a special meeting, they declined to entertain it. This greatly agitated and worked upon the minds of the seamen, who immediately resolved to man a number of cibles or river boats, ostensibly to "invite" the men out of the light ships coming into port, and induce them to do no more work until such time as they could get paid for heaving ballast, which, as we have said, was one of

the things they had struck for. This they considered would cause an accommodation to take place; for it was pretty evident that when the owners found that the men quitted their employment the moment the ships came to their moorings, and left them to get out the ballast as they might, they would be constrained to yield the point, and make the men a reasonable allowance as ballast heavers.

This being the situation of affairs, it happened that, on Wednesday, the 3rd of August, two or more of the cobbles thus manned to meet the homeward bound shipping—by some vagary, one might suppose, of their coxswain's, unaccountable on their own subsequent statement to the Home Secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel, but natural enough under the circumstances—instead of rowing for the harbour's mouth, ran up the river, where none but ships with full cargoes, and outward-bound, were to be met with. The fact was, the men had learned that several vessels, then lying at the Hetton Spouts and elsewhere, loading with coals, were about to proceed that day to sea with the morning or afternoon's tide, manned with seamen not belonging to the port, with non-union men or "blacklegs," and with apprentice lads; and a resolution had in consequence been hastily taken that these vessels should all be stopped.

In the course of the forenoon, several ships were boarded and their crews violently dragged on shore. It was understood, however, that the great struggle was to be made in the evening, and a number of special constables were sworn in, consisting chiefly of ship-owners. It was soon found that these precautions were not unnecessary. About six o'clock a vessel named the *Busy*, belonging to Mr. Rowland Metcalfe, got under weigh, and her crew were reinforced by as many of the police and special constables as her deck could conveniently hold. She had not proceeded many yards when she was stopped by the union men, who, after giving vent to their feelings in three vigorous cheers, began to "remonstrate" with such of the crew as appeared on deck "concerning their clandestine manner of going to sea." These "remonstrances," as a matter of course, met with no favourable response. On the contrary, the men in the boats were threatened with condign punishment if they did not let the vessel get away peaceably; and these threats were accompanied by the free exhibition of pistols, staves, handspikes, capstan bars, &c., by the shipowners and their friends, who presented a really formidable array. On the other hand, the unionists, who were in no pacific humour to begin with, and who soon found themselves, through reinforcements, much superior to their adversaries in number, proceeded forthwith to board the ship. This they did under great disadvantages, and the party on board, which included Mr. Metcalfe, the owner, and Mr. Ralph Laws, attorney, freely used their staves and handspikes. But they finally carried the ship, drove its

defenders aft, disarmed the constables of their staves, struck and bruised several of the shipowners, lowered down the sails, stopped the vessel entirely for a time, forced all the crew they could find overboard except the captain and mate, got up in the rigging, where they waved their hats in token of victory, and then, having satisfied themselves that there were no more seamen on board who intended to go the voyage, left the ship and got into their cobbles. The *Busy* afterwards proceeded to sea, however, with the help of some seamen who had been concealed below while the rioters were on board.

A second vessel, the *Mary*, belonging to Mr. John Hutchinson, shipbuilder, came down from the Hetton Spouts with the afternoon tide, and on reaching the lower part of the harbour, was surrounded as the *Busy* had been by a number of boats manned by sailors. Anticipating something of this kind, Mr. Hutchinson had armed himself with a brace of pistols, but had not thought it necessary to load them, supposing the sight of them would have the desired effect. A sharp look-out was kept, under the apprehension that the vessel would be boarded. On a boat approaching, Mr. Hutchinson threatened to fire if they came up the side, as did likewise his friend Mr. George Palmer, when a second boat approached. The men were evidently deterred, and sheered off a few yards. There were three constables on board, and Mr. Hutchinson asked them to arm themselves with handspikes, which they did. The rioters were evidently intimidated by this show of resistance, and the whole of the boats moved away to the north side of the river.

A troop of the 3rd Light Dragoons from the barracks at Newcastle had been sent a day or two before to assist in preserving the peace; and John Davison, Esq., J.P., commonly known as Justice Davison, hastened down to the Exchange, where he found some twenty-four soldiers, and several gentlemen, merchants, and shipowners anxiously waiting his arrival. Having taken the precaution to have the information duly sworn, Mr. Davison told the officer commanding the dragoons, Lieut. Philps, that he was ready, as a magistrate, to discharge his duty. The party then proceeded along the High Street, down Bodlewell Lane, into the Low Street, and thence near the Old Fish Market. The proclamation directed by the Riot Act was then read, and the people round about were asked to disperse, which, however, they were not inclined to do. The soldiers were then ordered to draw their sabres, which so terrified the mob that those on the south side of the river dispersed. It was on the other side, however, that the riot was most serious, and the soldiers, accompanied by Mr. Davison, accordingly proceeded thither in boats. The sequel may be told in the magistrate's own words:—

As we passed the ships in the harbour we observed that the rigging and yards of the vessels were thronged with people, who assailed us with stones as we passed. When we got more into the river, on the north side, which is the channel for ships when they go to sea, I perceived several boats filled with seamen attempting to board the loaded

vessels as they came down. We then proceeded to a vessel, the name of which I don't recollect, to assist in getting her to sea. I should here state that other two boats followed me with the dragoons, same as in the first, in which I was. The boats that the refractory seamen were in passed me, and fairly surrounded the other two boats and prevented them for some time from discharging the duty upon which they were sent. At that period several stones were thrown at the boat I was in. We got on board of the vessel, and assisted in taking her down the river. We then were prevented by a light vessel coming up the river, which, having got across the river, detained us a considerable time; and during that time an immense quantity of stones were thrown at the ship I was in, and I believe that several persons on board were hit. A person on board the light vessel, who was stated to me to be the pilot, I saw take up a large coal, which I suspected was intended to be thrown at me. I kept a look-out in consequence, and saw it thrown in the direction where I was. I stooped and the coal went directly over my head. An immense quantity of stones were then thrown from the shore; and in that situation we thought it advisable, for our personal safety, to engage a steam packet to expedite the vessel to sea. By that means we got clear of the light vessel, and proceeded down the harbour. On our way down, from the depth of water being more on the north side than in any other part of the river, we were obliged to approach nearly upon the north shore, which we perceived was crowded with persons to a great extent. At that time, to the best of my belief, the whole of the persons who were in the vessel were struck with stones. One of the dragoons was wounded in two places in the head when near to me; and I have since learnt that all the rest received wounds. I received one on the back part of my head. The riot then became so alarming, by the shouting and hurrahing and the stones flying in all directions, that to prevent any further injury I thought it advisable to give directions to the commanding officer to have his men prepared, in case there was extreme necessity to fire. We then proceeded further down, and as we got opposite the Coble Slip, which is on the south side, we found the shower of stones came so large and so frequent from the people on the north shore that I resolved, not only for my own personal safety, but for the rest of the crew's, to consult with the commanding officer upon the expediency of firing. The commanding officer thought it advisable that the fire should be made high, so as not to hurt any of the people about. I believe the first fire which was given in a high direction had no effect; I mean it did no injury; but it irritated the people more, and the stones came in greater quantities, if it were possible, than before. The commanding officer said that he thought by firing high as much injury might be caused as by firing low, from the elevation of the ground from the shore, and the manner in which the higher places were crowded with people who had come for the purpose of only looking to see what was going forward; and the subsequent firing was low. I cannot say what number of guns were fired; but after a few more were fired the people began to disperse, so that we proceeded to sea with the vessel, without any further obstruction. During the time of the firing, we found that the disorderly seamen began to separate, and on our return to the harbour we found all in a state of quiet and tranquillity, compared to what it had been. We heard a few coarse expressions, but no stones were thrown.

The result of the firing was that three men were killed outright, and another was mortally wounded and died the next morning. The names of the four were William Wallace, Thomas Aird, John Dovor, and Ralph Hunter Creighton. The coroner's verdict upon the three former was "justifiable homicide," but upon the latter, who had taken no part whatever in the riot, and was killed when standing as a spectator on a carpenter's stage, where he had been accustomed to work, the verdict was "accidental death." The exact number of wounded was never

ascertained; report stated them to be about twelve, some of them very dangerously. A day or two after the riot a fifth man, a labourer, died, in consequence of having received a shot when going from his work.

A large body of seamen came round from Shields and Blyth next morning, it was supposed to assist their fellow tars; but, finding how affairs stood, and that a reinforcement of Light Dragoons had arrived from Newcastle during the night, no further opposition was attempted, and all the ships in the harbour ready to sail were allowed to proceed to sea without the least molestation. A few days afterwards, the seamen withdrew the pretensions on account of which they had struck, and yielded to the owners' terms. The owners, in consideration of the number of men thrown out of work by the influx of new hands during the "stick," agreed in return to take into each of their ships an extra man in addition to its ordinary crew. But, notwithstanding this, many were compelled to withdraw to other ports, and some to other countries, for employment, owing to the accumulation of apprentices while the disagreement lasted. Many honest families were reduced to a state of the greatest distress, nearly the whole of their furniture, in some cases, having been sold to procure support; and it was a long time indeed before the town recovered from the sad effects of the disturbance.

Several of the rioters were tried at the ensuing quarter sessions at Durham, found guilty, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment with hard labour.

Illicit Whisky in North-West Durham.

DURING the time when there was so heavy a duty in England on whisky, large quantities of that intoxicating liquor were smuggled over the Border from Scotland, where the duty was low. The means adopted by the smugglers in getting it safely across, and so evading the excisemen and supervisors, and thereby the law, were varied and singular. When once across, the contraband article was hawked about the country. Not only Northumberland and Cumberland, but Durham, Yorkshire, and other Northern Counties received a share of the booty. Various modes were adopted in carrying it about. Sometimes it was put in bottles and placed in sacks containing a quantity of bran, meal, or sawdust to hinder them from breaking; sometimes it was placed in small kegs, and at others in large skins and bladders. It was known to those who purchased it under different names, such as "knives and forks," "new milk," and many other equally peculiar appellations.

In addition to the enormous supplies that were smuggled over from Scotland, large quantities were illicitly manufactured in the quieter and more secluded localities of the

Northern Counties. The north-west part of the county of Durham was a favourite one for those persons who followed no legitimate occupation, except that of smuggling, or rather that of the illegitimate manufacturing of whisky. The whereabouts of the law-breakers were seldom known to many; hence they would carry on their calling in some particular spot for many months ere the law officers ousted them out. Their favourite haunts were deep, dark secluded glens, young plantations, the tangled brushwood of older woods, deep gutters, well shaded by thick bushy hedges, and similar localities, where a streamlet or runner of clear, pure, limpid water trickled slowly down. The headwaters of the river Brownney and its numerous affluents were favoured localities, for during the period mentioned most of its now full-grown woodlands were young plantations, where the wide-spreading branches of the growing firs and larches gave abundance of shade, shelter, and seclusion. Stanley and Rospeth Wood on the Deerness, Rowley Gillet on Rowley Burn, Esh Wood on the Sleetburn, other smaller woods in the same locality, Cornsay and Hedley Common or Fell, Buttsfield Abbey Woods, Bates's Plantations, and Lambton, or Lord Durham's, Wood, the three latter near the headwaters of the Brownney, were all places where the "stillers" plied his trade. The manufacturing in some of these places were carried on for months. Sometimes their whereabouts was betrayed by the curling wreaths of smoke that wended skyward during the day, whilst the glare of the fires at night often showed the "stillers' home" to the eyes of the police and excise officers as they scanned the country from some higher point, and pierced into the darkness of night in search of "prey." In the boiling of the fluids timber was generally used, and, as much of it came out of the fences of the adjoining farms, it was at times the cause of petty fights between the farmer and the stiller. To make good these breaches of friendship the latter had not unfrequently to quit his location, or supply the former as compensation for damage done with what whisky he required. Those who had their haunts near to where the present town of Tow Law stands sometimes used coal, which they obtained in small quantities from the gin-pits then in existence on that part of Cornsay and Hedley Fell; but still there was the smoke to act as a betrayer of their whereabouts. The "smoke nuisance" was eventually remedied when the coke ovens were erected at the above mining village, for coke took the place of coal and wood, but it was not for long.

When the illicit whisky was made and bottled, it was sold at cheap rates—from eighteenpence a bottle. Sometimes the liquor was better than at others, but, at best, it was only little less than poisonous. At times it took deadly effect on those who consumed it, for during an inclement night in the winter of 1821, a respectable inhabitant of Corbridge, returning home from a journey, partook somewhat copiously of this kind of liquor at a (then) low house

between Satley and Wolsingham, and on reaching the road he lost the use of his limbs, and laid himself down among some rushes, where he was found the next morning a lifeless corpse. The poisonous drink which the unfortunate man had partaken of was some which had been illicitly distilled in Lambton's plantation (now cut down), near Salter's Gate, from stuff composed of aquafortis or vitriol and spirits of wine. Within the previous eight weeks three persons had died from drinking the illicit whisky to excess, whilst another had been driven blind and mad.

J. W. FAWCETT.

Coniston and Brantwood.



ONISTON is the name of a village in the English Lake District. A tract around Coniston Water, extending from Yewdale Beck to Torver, forms a chapelry, under the name of Church Coniston, within the parish of Ulverston. Another tract north of Yewdale Beck, round the head of the lake, and more than a couple of miles down the east side, forms another chapelry, under the name of Monk Coniston. The village itself has no regular formation; indeed, it appears to consist of a few groups of cottages and houses; but from whatever point it be viewed, it is always picturesque. Here is a description of the place as it appeared a hundred years ago, written by a local antiquary named West:—

The village of Coniston consists of scattered houses. Many of them have a most romantic appearance, owing to the ground they stand on being extremely steep. Some are snow white; others grey. Some stand forth on bold eminences at the head of green enclosures, backed with steep woods; some are pitched on sweet declivities, and seem hanging in the air; others, again, are on a level with the lake. They are all neatly covered with blue slate, the produce of the mountains, and beautified with ornamental yew, hollies, and tall pines and firs. This is a charming scene when the morning sun tinges all with a variety of tints. The hanging woods, waving enclosures, and airy sites are elegant, beautiful, and picturesque.

The village does not now differ to any appreciable extent from West's description. It is still in harmony with the scenery of the lake. The inhabitants are mainly employed at the adjacent copper mines, which are supposed to have been originally worked by the ancient Britons, and subsequently by the Romans. The excavations and levels penetrate the great mountain which bears the name of Coniston Old Man. A not inconsiderable trade is also done in the exportation of slates, flags, birches, brooms, and timber. A railway which joins the Whitehaven line at a point a few miles south of the lake has given an impetus to trade, and brings crowds of tourists to the village during the summer season.

The buildings in the neighbourhood of Coniston are of no importance in themselves, though they derive much interest from their associations. The church, a plain edifice with a square tower, does not call for detailed

comment ; but an old house in a farmyard, which was the home of Oldfield, the naval hero who piloted Nelson's fleet into action at the battle of the Baltic, attracts the attention of the curious, as also does the inn called the Black Bull, where De Quincey established himself when he visited Coniston.

Coniston Hall, the ancient residence of the Le Fleming family, who came to England from Flanders at the time of the Norman Conquest, occupies a fine position about a mile south of the village and near to the lake. The

lands around it passed, by the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Adam de Urawick, in the reign of Henry III., to Richard Le Fleming ; and Coniston Hall was the seat of his descendants until the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was deserted, and allowed to fall into ruins. Parts of the old place were removed some time ago, and the rest was converted into a farmhouse, the banqueting hall being transformed into a barn.

Situate near the head of the lake is Monk Coniston



CONISTON WATER : FROM THE HEAD OF THE LAKE.

Hall, the seat of Mr. Victor Marshall, which commands fine views of the lovely scenery around.

About a mile from the head of the lake, on the opposite side to Coniston village, is Tent Lodge, built on the site of a tent in which the accomplished Elizabeth Smith (of whom we shall have more to say hereafter) lay during her fatal illness in 1806. The house where she breathed her last is on the other side of the road. Within more recent years the poet Tennyson was, for a short time, the occupant of Tent Lodge.

A modern mansion known as Coniston Rank stands in well-wooded grounds on the same side of the lake.

A mile or so further south, still on the same side of the lake, is Brantwood, memorable as the residence of John Ruskin, the celebrated art critic and philosopher. (Our picture is from a photograph by Mr. Pettitt, Keswick.) Brantwood was formerly occupied by Mr. W. J. Linton, the well-known wood-engraver, poet, and political reformer. It was here that Mr. Linton edited and printed the monthly magazine which he called the *English Republic*. Another poet, Gerald Massey, also dwelt at Brantwood, but only for a short time. Wordsworth's Seat, within the grounds, commands a magnificent view of the lake and the mountains beyond. It derives its name from the circumstance that the Laureate, seated on the spot, used to go into raptures over the beautiful prospect.

Coniston Water cannot well be compared with Derwentwater, Ullswater, or Windermere. It is, in fact, in some respects, only a replica of the latter on a reduced scale. The chief interest of the scene centres in the head of the lake, where the Yewdale Crags, overtopped by the mountain mass of the Old Man, are the dominating

feature of the landscape. The name Old Man is thought to be a corruption of the Alt-Maen, the high rocky hill; other authorities are in favour of Altus Mons, the lofty mountain; but the popular idea is that the imposing mass is so-called from a cairn of stones on the summit, which at a distance bears a slight resemblance to a human figure. The lake is about six miles in length; its average breadth is about half a mile; and its extreme depth is about 160 feet. Trout, perch, pike, and char, the latter of a quality superior to those of any other lake in the locality, are caught in goodly numbers. The shores at the lower end are prettily wooded, but, on the whole, the outline is comparatively tame, and two small islands are not in a position to give much diversity. One is known as Fir Island or Knott's Island, which, when the water in the lake is low, becomes a peninsula. The other, which is variously called Peel Island, Montague Island, and the Gridiron, is a wood-crowned rock. Coniston Water could formerly boast of a floating island, a spongy mass of weeds and foliage some twenty yards square, which was driven about by the winds. During a storm in 1846, it stranded amongst some reeds at the foot of the lake, and ceased to float any more.

A Liddesdale Farmer in the Eighteenth Century.

IN the autumn of 1792, after the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Jedburgh had been closed, Walter Scott, then a young advocate, set out on his first raid into Liddesdale, in quest of old ballads and antiquarian relics. He was accompanied by Robert Shortreed, Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire, who knew every part of the country and was intimately acquainted with every farmer in the pastoral region to be explored. Mounted on a couple of stout ponies, the two gentlemen of the law took their journey south-westward, resting the first night at Abbotrude, a compact little estate, six miles from Jedburgh, which was owned by Charles Kerr, a scion of the Lothian family, and a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. Continuing their south-westward journey, the travellers made straight for Hermitage Castle, an easy day's ride from Abbotrude. At an earlier period Queen Mary accomplished the whole journey, from Jedburgh to Hermitage and back in one day, but the fatigue was so great that a fever resulted, and very nearly proved fatal. Taking a line scarcely so far west as the course followed by the Queen, our travellers seem to have crossed the Rule Water travelled along the high ground by Hawthornside and Stonedge, and gained the summit of the ridge dividing Teviotdale from Liddesdale in the "slack," with the high hill of Windburgh on their left and the two grassy peaks known as "The Maiden's Paps."



MR. RUSKIN'S HOUSE, BRANTWOOD.

not far distant on the right. Thence they could easily proceed to the upper part of "The Nine-Stane Rig," commemorated in Surtees's doubtful ballad.

They shot him on the Nine-Stane Rig,
Beside the headless cross:
And they left him lying in his blood,
Beside the moor and moss.

An enchanting prospect, reaching to the Solway and the mountains of Westmoreland, could here be obtained; and, doubtless, Mr. Shortreed would point out the little circle of standing stones from which the "rig" has derived its name, and where, according to the tradition, Lord Soulis was boiled in a sheet of lead. The story is that the lord of Hermitage was impervious to steel, that water would not drown him, and that against any ordinary assault of the last enemy he had "a charmed life." Not to be beaten, his enemies bethought themselves of having him boiled in a sheet of lead, and so "they burned him, body, and bones, and all."

Descending the "rig," with Whitrope Burn on their right and Roughlea Burn on their left, the travellers alighted at Millburnholm, the abode of Willie Elliot, a Liddesdale farmer, well known to Scott's fellow traveller. The "holm," or haugh, is a level space on the left side of Hermitage Water, just where it is joined by Whitrope Burn. At present the site is occupied by two cottages, one of them inhabited by a ploughman, the other by the shepherd who has charge of the "rig," now laid in to the adjoining farm of Hermitage. A road passes the door, and close at hand is a milestone, indicating that the distance is 64 miles from Edinburgh, 15 from Hawick, and five from the village of Newcastleton. On every hand are grassy hills, and a quarter of a mile farther up the Hermitage Vale are visible the grey walls of Hermitage Castle. There is no mill now, nor any tradition of one; but, doubtless, the mill to which the Hermitage vassals were "thirled" had existence in the neighbourhood at some early period.

Thirty years ago the old farm-house at Millburnholm existed in much the same condition as it was at the time of Scott's visit, only it was inhabited by a shepherd. It was a quaint specimen of the old-fashioned Scottish homestead. Part of it was only one storey, but that seemed to have been added on to the original house, which was one storey with attic. The windows on the ground floor were small, and did not admit much light; but those above were still smaller, and looked out through a thatched roof. A chimney on either gable was made of rushes, fastened together with ropes of straw or hay. Against the outside wall, near the door, was a stone and turf erection known as a "loupin'-on-stane." There were no wheeled conveyances then in the district: the ordinary mode of transit was for the wife to ride on horseback on a pad, behind her husband. The good dame ascended the "loupin'-on-stane," which was done by a short flight of steps, and thence easily transferred herself to her seat on the horse's back. Inside the house of Millburnholm were

two moderate-sized rooms, one serving for the kitchen, the other doing duty as a sitting-room, but off it was a small inner sanctum. Above were two bedrooms, so low in the roof that a man of ordinary stature could not stand upright. The arrival of Shortreed himself at Millburnholm would have excited little commotion, but Willie Elliot was in some trepidation when told that the stranger was an advocate from Edinburgh. Leading the advocate's horse to the stable round the corner, he looked back and observed Scott caressing the dogs, on which he felt reassured, and whispered to Shortreed, "Weel, Robin, deil hae me if I'se be a bit feared for him now: he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." Over the punch-bowl the two speedily became great friends: and on each of seven successive years Scott visited Willie Elliot at Millburnholm. According to Shortreed, this Goodman of Millburnholm was the original of Dandie Dinmont; and this opinion was endorsed to some extent by Lockhart, who wrote that, "as he seems to have been the first of these upland sheep farmers visited by Scott, there can be little doubt that he sat for some parts of that inimitable portraiture." At Millburnholm the worthy man continued to enjoy for years a placid old age, taking life easy, and making himself comfortable, occasionally with a cheerful glass of whisky. At the time of the False Alarm, when it was rumoured that Bonaparte had landed on the British shores, the Liddesdale Volunteers passed Willie's door on the way to Hawick. He was out with the bottle to give them a refresher; and as they left to cross the "edge," as the dividing line between Liddesdale and Teviotdale is called, he charged them boldly to face the tyrant and "dinna let him ower the edge."

Forty years before the date of Scott's visit to Millburnholm, Willie Elliot's father, Robert Elliot, occupied most of the land on Hermitage Water from Millburnholm upward, to the extent of some thousands of acres. A manuscript containing his farm and household accounts from 1748 to 1755 is still in existence, and sheds some curious light on the transactions of that period. The writing is in a good, legible roundhand, the words are Scotch, and the spelling is peculiar, but very quaint. Some specimens will serve to illustrate the prices and modes of living at that time in the secluded district of Liddesdale, the noted resort of Border thieves in earlier days.

The price of horses will appear from an entry in 1754, where, among "the goods and gear bought by me this year," there is a "moar and foll, at £5 9s."; and the same year, "sold to a Mers-man (a Berwickshire man), a black mear, at £5 1s." The average price of cattle will be seen from the following:—"From my godfather, a three-year-old stott, £3 5s."; and "from Adam Beattie, Erntaga, two stirks and an eild cow, at £4." Among the transactions in 1748 was a sale "to Adam Slight two fat cows at £2 10s," and a purchase "from John Armstrong, a four-year-old quye, at £2." Another purchase was "from

John Elliot, 2 stotts, at £6 5s.; and he gave me sixpence again." The "stotts" may have been good, but the luckpenny was not large. Other purchases were "from Robert Hutton at Sundhope, two stirks at £2"; and "from James Laidlaw, in Riccarton mill, a stirk of the goodwife's at the mill, at £1 3s." The cattle of the district at the time were small and hardy, capable of pasturing on the hill all the year round, and generally black in colour. On the 28th July, 1749, Mr. Elliot got £30 9s. from John and Adam Slight, to whom he had sold "two oxen and six bestial, at three guineas a beast, and a grey filly at five guineas." On the 10th of August, the same year, he "bought from Merrylaws two oxen that I paid ready money for; and I got a shilling of luckpenny."

The majority of the transactions were connected with sheep and wool. In 1753, Robert Elliot bought "13 lambs, 12 payable, at 3s. 2d. a-piece." Thirteen lambs to the dozen, and the whole thirteen for 38s., would be regarded as a windfall by purchasers in the present day; but Robert Elliot accepted still lower prices for another lot, and sold "57 lambs at 2s. 2½d. the piece." In another entry he says, "To my mother one score ten lambs no pris mad; it must be £3 15s." That was thirty lambs for 75s., but possibly they were given as a bargain to his mother. On the 12th July, 1749, he bought from Adam Croser one score sixteen lambs, and "paid him full 48 shillings, but got sixpence again." On the 17th of the same month, he "sold to Robert Hyslop in Woolerhirst eight score ten lambs, seven payable at £0 2s. 4d. a-piece, and sixpence more referred in my will. He is to receive them on the 19th inst., and give bill for payment." At the same time he "bought from James Jackson eighteen lambs all payable at half a crown a-piece." On the same day he "sold to John Armstrong in Whithaugh, 22 lambs, 21 payable at half a crown the piece, in trust till Martinmas, without a bill."

The wages paid by this Border farmer were curious. In May, 1748, is the following entry:—"Hyred Jean Nickle and Hana Little, till Lady Day, for a ston of wool a-piece, and nine shillings." Again, "Janey Nickle for a stone of wool till Martinmas, and 18s."; and "Adam Scott till Martinmas for a pair of shoes and one pound." The shoes of that period were of the kind made by the Souters o' Selkirk—single-soled; and were made of untanned hides. It was customary for men to stitch on an additional sole, for which materials were provided by the master if the men were boarded in the house. Sometimes the shoes cost little money, as indicated by a payment of one shilling "to Will Mitchellhill to buy shoes"; but a pair to Jean Tealfer cost 2s. 10d. In 1749, the hirings generally were at "the old wage"; but Jean Hyslop got "a ston of wool, a pair of shoes, and eleven shillings," Jean Little, "a ston of wool, a pair of shoes, and 17 shillings"; and others at similar rates for the half year.

William Gladstone was engaged from Whit Sunday till Martinmas for £1 7s., but had the harvest to himself. In 1750, Hendry Glendinning was hired for the year to be paid with twelve sheep's grass, and hose, and ten shillings. William Gladstone was "to haud the plough for five sheep's grass and £3 10," and Walter Hyslop was "to herd the gorranberry sheep for 45 sheep's grass" for the year.

JAMES TAIT.

The Warblers.

It is proposed this month to deal with four of the members of the warbler family which frequent the Northern Counties—the willow warbler, the wood warbler, the whitethroat, and the lesser whitethroat.

The willow warbler (*Sylvia trochilus*) has a variety of common names, such as yellow warbler, ground wren, hay bird, &c. It is a spring and autumn migrant, arriving in April and leaving in September. Like other warblers, it is an insect feeder, and generally sings from the topmost branches of trees, and sometimes when on the wing.

The bird frequents tall hedges near meadows, the



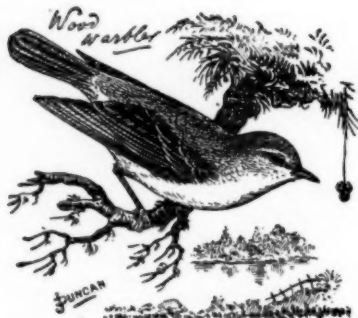
wooded margins of brooks, and where underwood abounds. It also has a partiality for orchards, where it finds abundance of insect food. It is a pretty little bird, and is very active and industrious in search of food, especially when catering for its young family. Its song, though not of much variety, is pleasing. It consists, according to Macgillivray, of a repetition of the syllable "twee" about a dozen times, the first notes prolonged, the rest gradually falling and becoming shorter. "When warbling its sweet and melodious lay, the throat is some-

times swelled out and the whole body trills with the effort."

The male is five inches long. Its typical bill is dusky brown, the under mandible tinged with yellow. From the base of the bill above, to the root of the tail, the prevailing colour is that of the chiff-chaff, with a shade more of olive green. The wings and tail are dark brown, shaded with black, with a yellow patch at the root of the tail above. A yellow patch extends from the base of the bill to the shoulders, with a dark streak across the eye. The lower part of the body is white, tinged with yellow. The legs, slender and delicate, are a rich brown. The female is a little larger than the male, but her plumage is not so brilliant.

The wood warbler, or wood wren (*Sylvia sibilatrix*) is often confounded with the willow warbler, from which it is distinguished by the greener hue of the back plumage and yellow-edged feathers of the wing and tail. The various common names of the bird are rather puzzling, especially as some of them more properly belong to others of the family. Thus it is known as the yellow warbler, yellow willow wren, large willow wren, green wren, and willie mufti. Like most of our summer visitants, the wood warbler winters in Northern Africa, Egypt, and Asia.

It is perhaps oftener seen in the woods of Northumberland and Durham than in any other part of England.

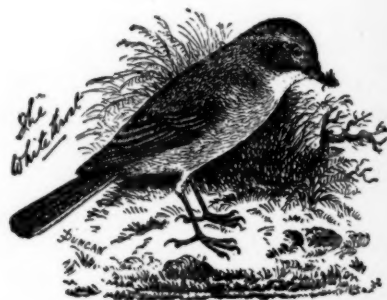


As it frequents high leafy trees—the oak, beech, and birch—it is not so often seen as some of the other members of the family. It is lively and shiftily in its movements, and may be seen frequently gliding and flitting amid the high branches in search of food, which chiefly consists of insects and their larvæ, the former being occasionally captured on the wing. The bird mostly gives forth its simple yet sweet song from the topmost branches of the tallest tree in the wood. It commences low, and as the song increases in volume its wings are moved in a tremulous manner, and its tail jerked up and down. When the males first arrive, they sing nearly all day long. The song resembles the syllables "twee, twee, twee,"

with variations, and is continued till nearly the period of the autumnal migration, about the middle of September.

In length the male is nearly five inches and a quarter. The general colour on the upper parts of the body is a soft green, tinged with grey, and pure white below, the latter characteristic having earned for the bird the name of "lainty-white." The green of the upper plumage extends from the base of the short blackish-brown bill to the root of the tail, where the plumage merges into a crescent-shaped yellow patch. The upper mandible of the beak is darker than the under, and the inside of the mouth is a fine orange yellow. A streak of clear yellow passes from the base of the lower mandible over the eyes; and under it, before and behind the eye, there is a very slight brownish line. The iris of the eye is a rich dark brown, and the eyelids pale yellow; the head, on the sides, is yellow, tinged with brown and green; the crown, back, and nape, is olive green, tinged with yellow; and the whole of the under part is white. The wings, when closed, extend over three-fourths of the length of the tail, and are of a beautiful brown, the feathers edged with yellow and green; and the tail feathers are marked in a similar manner. The legs, toes, and claws are brown. The female closely resembles the male in size and plumage.

The whitethroat (*Sylvia cinerea*) is the most common of all the warbler family. It is known as Peggy Whitethroat, nettlecreeper, wheetee-why, whitethroated warbler, wheatie, and blathering Tam; but these by no means exhaust the list of common names. Like the rest of the warbler family, it is a spring and autumn migrant, and makes its appearance in the North of England about



the end of April, sooner or later, according to the state of the weather. It is very numerous in Northumberland and Durham. Mr. Hancock has the following brief note on the bird:—"This is the commonest of our warblers, and is very generally distributed; it frequently nests in the low herbage by roadsides, coming and going with the other warblers."

The bird is active and lively in its habits, and in summer its "churring" cry and song may be frequently

heard among tall hedgerows, underwood, and in gardens. It also frequents the outskirts of woods, and may often be seen and heard amongst brushwood and whin coverts. Amid the hedges and bushes its sharp "churr" may often be heard when the bird is unseen. It is also sometimes heard singing on the wing, and its quick and hurried song, though a trifle harsh, is by no means unpleasant. From the top of a hedge or bush the white-throat frequently launches itself into the air, and flies round in a circle, singing all the while, not unlike the meadow pipit. Its alarm note resembles the syllable "churr," and the call note "twed twed," followed often by "cha, cha, cha," and the well-known "churr."

The male is from five to six inches long, but the length of the tail, nearly an inch and a half, makes the bird look bigger than it really is, for it weighs only about four drachms. Its plumage is very distinctively marked. The short and slender bill is of a bluish brown, the under mandible inclining to yellow with a bluish tinge, and the corners of the mouth yellowish green. The iris is brownish yellow, eyelids olive brown, and over the eyes is a faint streak of yellowish white. The head, on the crown, is slate grey with a rufous tinge; neck, on the sides, pale brownish grey. The back plumage of the nape of the neck to near the root of the tail is a warm brown colour. The wings, which extend to an inch and a half from the tip of the tail, have a spread of eight inches, and the feathers are handsomely marked with pale brown at the edges, the longer wing feathers being of a much darker brown. The tail is rather rounded, of a dark brown, the feathers being graduated, and slightly decreasing in length from the middle to the side feathers. The base of the tail above, near the tip of the wings, is coloured like the crown of the head. The plumage of the chin and throat is silvery white, and contrasts strongly with the rufous-coloured back plumage. The breast is of a pale dull white, slightly suffused with rose colour, shaded off at the sides with yellowish white, and into greyish white below. The legs are a pale brown, and the toes and claws are of a darker hue. The female is about the same size as the male, but her plumage is altogether duller than that of her mate, and devoid of the rosy tint on the breast so distinctive of the male bird when in full nuptial feather.

The lesser whitethroat (*Sylvia curruca*) is not so numerous as the greater whitethroat, and is more shy in its habits. Not being so well-known, it has not such a variety of common names as its larger relative. It is sometimes called babillard, the babbling warbler, and the garrulous fauvette.

It is a courageous and pugnacious little creature, and often attacks larger birds and drives them from the neighbourhood of its nest. Bechstein remarks that "throughout Germany this bird is called the 'little miller,' because some peculiar notes in its song resemble the noise of a mill—'klap,' 'klap,' 'klap,' 'klap.'"

The length of the male bird is five inches and a quarter. The slender bill, so typical of the family, is bluish black, the base of the lower mandible inclining to yellow; iris, yellowish white—in some cases nearly white. The crown of the head is brownish grey, while the back plumage has a warmer tinge of brown. The chin, throat, and breast are white, the latter slightly tinged with red. The sides are yellowish grey, with a warmish tinge. The wings



spread eight inches, and are of a fine brown hue, the feathers being edged with yellowish brown. The wings seem short in proportion to the tail, which is rather long, and of a blackish-brown colour, the feathers being much lighter at the edges. The female is rather smaller than the male, which she resembles in plumage, but the sides of the head are paler in colour, while the plumage on the crown of the head is not so boldly marked.

Bishop Bury's Lending Library.

THE first Lending Library established in England was that of the Bishop of Durham, Richard de Bury, now almost forgotten even in the diocese where once he famously flourished.

Richard de Bury, so called from his birthplace in the county of Suffolk, was the son of Sir Richard de Aungerville. Born in the year 1231, when the extended walls of Newcastle were a-building, he was sent to Oxford in his youth, and passed through his college course with honour. He then became a monk in the convent of Durham, and was subsequently selected as tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward the Third. The duties of this office were so well discharged as to commend him to royal favour, and open a way for his advancement in Church and State. At home and

abroad he distinguished himself in the public service; and in the year 1333 he was made Bishop of Durham, entertaining the King and Queen and a noble company at his installation.

"One of the learnedest men of his time, and also a very great patron and encourager of learning," his employments afforded him frequent and favourable opportunities for the acquirement of books. These he had judiciously improved wherever he went, so that it is said of him he possessed a larger collection of books than all the rest of the bishops of England put together. His love of literature was intense, and is commemorated for all time in his *Philobiblon*, a manuscript copy of which is comprised in Bishop Cosin's bequest at Durham, "extremely curious as affording one of the earliest accounts of the collection and arrangement of a library." (Surtees's "History of Durham.")

It was in the year 1333, when the meridian of his days had been attained, that he was made Bishop of Durham, and seated on the Wear, with all his treasures about him. The common apartment of his palace would seem, by description, to have resembled the study of Monkham in the "Antiquary." So littered was the floor with books, papers, and other possessions of the kind, that the officers of his establishment could not get at him with due reverence and ceremony—a perplexity as to which his lordship probably troubled himself very little. He had transcribers, illuminators, and binders in his service; and the sons of the Northern gentry were members of his household, and educated under his roof. When the seasons came round at which the customary offerings were presented to the Count Palatine, they never came to him with warmer welcome than in the form of books; and yet he largely valued other riches for the means they gave him of doing good, and works of charity accompanied his daily steps. It was his wont, in going to and fro, to distribute stated sums:—Between Durham and Newcastle, £8; Durham and Stockton, £5; Durham and Auckland, 5 marks (£3 16s. 8d.); Durham and Middlesbrough, £5; amounts bearing due proportion, no doubt, to the then population between the respective places.

But what gives him his peculiar claim to our notice, just now, is his foundation of a public library in Oxford. The students of the hall in which the books were lodged had the free use of them, under "a provident arrangement," drawn up by the donor; who enacted, besides, "that books might be lent to strangers," being students of the university not belonging to the hall, the keepers taking as security a sum exceeding the value of the loan. ("Biographia Britannica," Surtees's "Durham," and Chambers's "Book of Days.")

Thus do we see that a Public Lending Library, the first in the kingdom, was the benefaction of this Bishop of Durham, who died at Auckland on the 14th of April, 1345, and was buried in the Cathedral. Sumptuous was

the ceremony: and the Sacrist vindicated his claim to the funeral furniture, with the horses that drew the hearse, and a mule that played a less prominent part in the train.

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

The Morning Star of the Reformation.



OME few miles to the north-east of Barnard Castle, by the tree-shaded banks of the river Tees, as it forces its way over its rocky bed, one comes upon a few small cottages and an old ivy-covered church, half-hidden from sight by trees, and secluded by high surrounding cliffs and lack of roads from the busy world of toil and pleasure. Here is a lonely, forgotten hamlet, which, by tradition of the best authorities, gave birth and name to one of the most prominent men in English history. Wycliffe, for that is the name of the village, calls up rich associations, and takes the memory back to the middle of that long period of history which we commonly brand with the title of the Dark Ages. Not Dark; Medieval were better, or the Awakening; for was it not the time that gave us Dante, and Petrarch, and Boccaccio? And did it not bequeath to us that priceless boon which has inextinguishably lighted up the whole world as no other discovery of man has done—I mean the invention of printing? It is, indeed, a period rich in the names of great men—Erigena, Roger Bacon, John of Salisbury, Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet, Melancthon, and our own father of English literature, Chaucer, to mention only a few. Not Dark, at least.

About 1324, then, at Wycliffe, though some say it was at or near Richmond, John de Wycliffe, called by his admirers the Morning Star of the Reformation, was born. John Leland, the antiquary, claims for the Reformer's birthplace a small village near Richmond, some ten miles to the south; but it seems more pleasant to think that he was one of the family that took its name from, or gave its name to, the estate of Wycliffe, and had held it from very early times—from the Norman Conquest, perhaps—and continued there till 1606, when the lands passed to the Tunstalls by marriage.

Wycliffe Church, as we look at it now, has probably not changed greatly since the days when Wycliffe worshipped there, and when his mind would perhaps receive that seed which afterwards grew into so stout a tree. The building has an ancient and worn-out look, and its dilapidated appearance certainly impresses us with its venerable age. The outer walls are nothing but a patchwork of irregular masonry, reminding one of nothing so much as an old worsted stocking that has been darned and darned until there is none of the original fabric left, and it will bear darning no more. The church, not a large one, is a long, low building, consisting of chancel and

nave, the former of which has been added at a later date, and is not built on the same line as the nave. The roof is flat, and at one end is an old bell-turret. Entering by the porch, it is seen at a glance that the windows are the most interesting part of the interior, for they contain some fragments of what were formerly fine stained glass lights. Some of them have kept the Early English arches with graceful mullions and traceries. The interior of the church is quaint rather than attractive, and certainly is not ornate. The nave, except for its windows, the double row of seats, and the font and oaken beams of the roof, is singularly plain.

The village of Wycliffe contains only two other buildings of any size, or that demand anything more than passing notice. Wycliffe Hall of to-day is a comparatively modern structure. It is a well-built, handsome mansion of stone, regularly planned, and in its walls are incorporated portions of the old home of the Wycliffes, but these are for the most part out of sight. The rectory, close to the church, is pleasantly situated, and, seen from the river, seems greatly out of proportion to the diminutive village wedged in between its back wall and the Tees. Within its walls is a valuable relic of the great Reformer—a portrait of John Wycliffe, painted by Sir Antonio More—which was presented as an heirloom to future rectors of Wycliffe by the Rev. Thomas Zouch, A.M., a former incumbent. It is from an engraving by Edward Finden of this portrait that the accompanying illustration is taken.

Only the most meagre record has come down to us of the early years of Wycliffe—almost nothing, indeed, and that so uncertain as to be of no more value than interesting traditions. Of his later life, the important part of his history, we have, fortunately, ample details. Such accounts as have been preserved speak of his life as one of spotless purity, and the early part of it was probably spent in pious seclusion and diligent study. He was already past middle age when he was appointed Master of Balliol College, Oxford, which had been founded by the Balliols, of Barnard Castle, close by his old home. At that time the University of Oxford was the centre of learning in Europe, preceding even Paris. Amongst the thirty thousand students then at Oxford he was recognised as the first of the schoolmen of his day. Lyons, Paris, and Cologne borrowed their professors from Oxford; and in Oxford Wycliffe stood foremost. Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham had been his predecessors, and from the last he borrowed the principles of his earliest efforts at Church reform, whilst to a former Master of Balliol, Bradwardine, he owed the tendency, shown in the speculative treatises he published at this time, to a predestinarian Augustinianism which formed the basis of his later theological revolt from Rome. Add to this that he was "the founder of our later English prose, a master of popular invective and irony and persuasion, a dexterous politician, a daring partisan, the

organiser of a religious order, the unsparing assailant of abuses, the boldest and most indefatigable of controversialists, the first Reformer who dared, when deserted and alone, to question and deny the creed of Christendom around him."

The history of the second half of Wycliffe's life forms a notable page in European history. The Church had sunk to its lowest point of spiritual decay. The Black and Grey Friars of Dominic and Francis had grown corrupt, and his collision with these Mendicants in violently opposing their encroachments has often been adduced as the first notable achievement which marked out the future tenour of his life. But the real throwing down of the gauntlet was his action in opposition to Urban V., whose demand in 1365 for the thirty-three years' arrears of the tribute promised by King John



John De Wycliffe.

From engraving by Edw. Finden, after original picture by Sir Antonio More, now an heirloom in the Rectory of Wycliffe, Richmondshire. Presented by Thomas Zouch, A.M., a former rector of this church.

brought matters to a crisis. The English king and Parliament returned such an answer that the Pope's lordship over England was never afterwards put forward. Then it became evident that the thin, retired student was also a man of dauntless spirit and indomitable energy, jealous of the liberties of his country, and always indignant at the corruptions of the Church, Wycliffe's treatise, "*De Dominio Divino*," roused against him the anger of the hierarchy. Doubtless the English Parliament was wearied at this time with the exactions of the Papal Court at Avignon, exactions which had existed long, but were still waxing worse; and so England was in a condition of revolt. But it was no small

matter—indeed, a very great help—that the most learned doctor at Oxford, the most accomplished school-man of his age, with a reputation in which the most piercing eyes of his foes could not detect a flaw, should be ranged on the side of the liberties of England. This conduct of his strengthened the favour in which he was held at Court, mainly held before through his friendship with John of Gaunt. And he was not forgotten in high quarters; for, in 1375, he was presented by the Crown to the living of Lutterworth. But he still retained his position at Oxford.

Wycliffe was looked upon as the theological bulwark of the Lancastrian party, and the clergy resolved to strike a blow, summoning him before Bishop Courtenay of London for his heretical propositions concerning the wealth of the Church. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, accepted the challenge as given to himself, and stood by the side of Wycliffe in the Consistory Court at St. Paul's. The trial, however, did not take place, for John of Gaunt was a man of acts, not satisfied with words.

It is not difficult to understand the close friendship between Wycliffe and this man of intrigue and ambition. The glorious part of the reign of Edward III., the wars with France and Scotland, the battles of Sluys, of Crecy, and of Poitiers, and of Halidon Hill and Neville's Cross in this North-Country, were forgotten amid the terrors of the Black Death and the poverty entailed on the one hand by the demands of an impoverished King and Parliament, and on the other by the claims of the Church. The older religious orders were sunk into mere landowners, and were surfeited with luxury, while the higher prelates and wealthy clergy were too much occupied by the noise of their own dissensions to notice anything that occurred outside their own pale, however much it might concern them. Yet

here were the daring and avaricious barons under John of Gaunt eager to drive the prelates from office and seize on their wealth. Wycliffe, though far from being animated by the same motives as the Duke of Lancaster, joined his party because he saw that in part at least they were striving to attain the same end. At present Wycliffe's quarrel was not with the doctrine, but with the practice of the Church.

At St. Paul's, then, it is not out of keeping with the character of John of Gaunt when he undertakes to settle the dispute in his own way by threatening to drag the Bishop of London out of the church by the hair of his head. His violence was so great that the populace of London had to burst in and rescue their bishop, and they in their turn placed Wycliffe's life in danger, for he was only with difficulty saved by the soldiery.

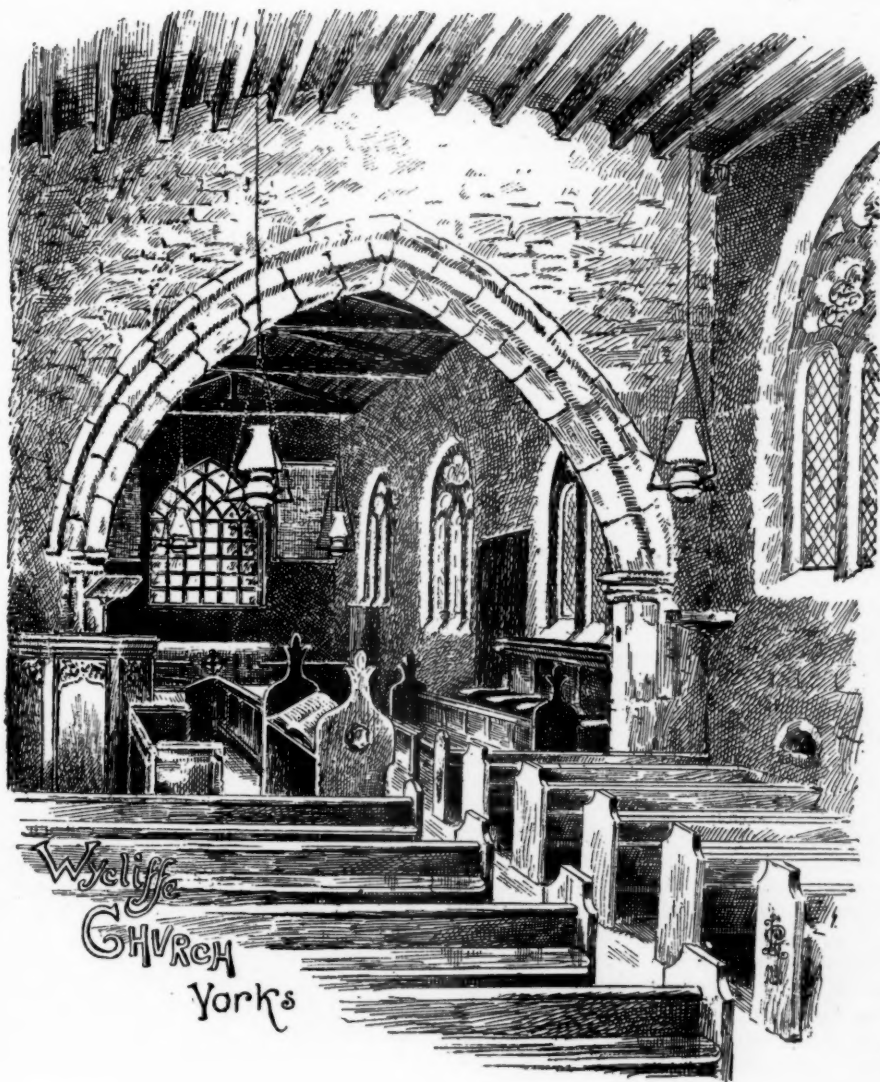
Then came the revolt of the peasants under Wat Tyler and John Ball, and in a few months all Wycliffe's work of Church reform was undone. The Lancastrian party lost all its power, the quarrel between the Church and the baronage was quelled in the presence of a common danger, and much of the odium of the outbreak fell on the Reformer. His enemies the Friars charged Wycliffe with being a sower of strife; and, though he rejected the charge disdainfully, he had to bear the weight of a suspicion that some of his followers justified. Apart from the ill effects of this rising, he now alienated himself from all his friends by taking up a new position; literally a novel one, for he became by his action the First Protestant. Hitherto he had posed as a reformer of the discipline and political relations of the Church. Now he protested against one of its cardinal beliefs, the doctrine of transubstantiation.

The monks and friars were unceasing in their persecution of Wycliffe, and bulls were sent from Pope Gregory



XI., the last in Avignon before the Great Schism, calling for action against the Reformer. In the midst of this Edward III. died, and the widow of the Black Prince, the mother of the young King Richard II., was friendly to Wycliffe. But letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury at last compelled the Chancellor of Oxford University to send the offender to London. The support of the Crown paralysed all action against him, and he returned home, only to be summoned once more to the capital to meet his accusers. But the people rallied round him, and raised such a tumult that the bishop broke up the court, and he again returned unharmed, his course thenceforward being more determined than ever.

On the death of Gregory (1378) followed the double election to the Papal throne, and the Great Schism of the West. This exercised a profound influence on Wycliffe, and when he beheld two who called themselves by the holiest name on earth hurling anathemas at each other he no longer saw in them a true Pope and a false between whom to choose, but rather two that were false alike—two halves of anti-Christ. Then Wycliffe announced in the pulpit at Oxford his belief that the Roman doctrine of transubstantiation was anti-Scriptural, and immediately (1382) followed the latest attempt to suppress him. Probably, however, the Schism occupying men's thoughts, as it must have done, and



Wycliffe
Church
York's

weakening the Church's central authority, may have prevented the searching out of heretics for due punishment with the same energy as before; hence Wycliffe, the object of so keen a hatred, was suffered to die in his bed instead of at the stake. At any rate, though he found it prudent to withdraw from Oxford, he was allowed to spend the two remaining years of his life unmolested at Lutterworth.

The great Reformer was seized with a stroke of paralysis while he was hearing mass in his parish church, and he died the next day at the close of 1384. V.

Notes and Commentaries.

A NEWBROUGH CENTENARIAN.

Mrs. Mary Teasdale, of Nun's Bush, Newbrough, near Hexham, who was born at Kirkcharle, near Alston, completed her 101st year on August 12, 1890. Nun's Bush, which is supposed to have been formerly the site of a nunnery, is about a mile from the ancient and



MRS. MARY TEASDALE.

salubrious village of Newbrough. The old lady, who lives with her son, Mr. John Teasdale, a lead miner, is still tolerably hale and hearty. She can enjoy her pipe, too, for, like many another old woman, she indulges in tobacco smoking. She has the use of her eyesight, her memory is still pretty good, and she can "drive a good crack" about olden times. Mrs. Teasdale lost her husband when her family—a tolerably large one—were very young. So she had to do such farm work as "shearing," in order to maintain her children. In short, all through life she has had to work hard. The old lady's grandfather and grandmother lived to upwards of a hundred years of age. The accompanying portrait has been taken from a photograph by Mr. Brown, of Newbrough. M. H.

"HENWIFE JACK."

Many old residents in Newcastle will remember the familiar figure and voice of an oyster vendor who, some forty years back, perambulated the streets at nights, calling oysters with a voice so loud that it could be heard nearly all over the town. On a still night, when he was in the neighbourhood of Westgate Hill, his voice could be distinctly heard at Dunston, which is upwards of a mile off, as "the crow flies." His name was John Turnbull, better known as "Henwife Jack." Jack for many years was almost constantly in the company of fishwives, among whom he spent his happiest hours.

Hence the nickname. This Newcastle worthy was rather tall, lank, and lean, and as straight as a drill sergeant. He was also an expert walker, and went over the ground at a rapid pace with his basket on his head. I knew Jack fifty years back. At that time, and for many years afterwards, he hawked fish in Dunston and the adjacent villages. But, I regret to say, this poor creature was much persecuted by the villagers, who delighted to call him foul names. He got so accustomed to these insults, however, that he seldom took any notice of them. Poor Jack, like other mortals, got his time over. He took an illness nearly twenty years ago, and "shuffled off this mortal coil."

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, Dunston.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A TEST OF RESPECTABILITY.

One "pay" Saturday, two pitman who had been "on the drink" for an hour or two, met in the Bigg Market, Newcastle, and commenced to argue as to which of the twain was the more respectable. "Noo," observed one of the thirsty souls, "aa tell thoo that aa's mair respectable than thoo; for aa could git strap for a gallon, whor thoo could oney git put doon for a gill!"

NATURAL HISTORY.

Some few years ago a bottlemaker, whom we shall call Bob, had been out for a walk in the neighbourhood of West Hartlepool. Bob came home sorely puzzled. Meeting one of his fellow-workmen, he said to him, "Man, aa hev had a waak in the country, an' aa seed the curiousest thing thoo ivor seed. It was like a cuddy, an' it wasint a cuddy; it was like a horse, an' it wasint a horse. Aa'm blowed if aa knaa whaat it was." "Oo," says Bob's mate, "aa knaa whaat it's been; it's been a mule, Bob." "A whaat?" returned Bob; "it's ne use ye taaking that way. Aa tell ye it wasint a bord at aall, man!"

THE BOY AND THE BEER.

A bricklayer called to a lad, "Bring me a quairt of beer?" "Aall reet," replied the boy, "but whor's the money?" "Wey," remarked the man, "onnybody can get beer wi' money, but it wad show hoo clivvor ye wor if ye got it wivoot." The youth said no more, but went and brought an empty jug. "What's this?" said the thirsty son of toil, "a jug—but ne beer!" "Aye," was the observation, "ne beer. Onnybody can drink beer oot of a pot that's full; but ye'd be mighty clivvor if ye could drink beer, or owt else, out of a pot that hes nowt in't!"

COCKNEY ENGLISH.

Some three months ago, a steamer left Newcastle for China, having on board a very large number of passengers. Amongst them were a Tynesider and a Cockney.

The latter, in the course of conversation, proposed to have a "spelling bee." "Noo," said the Tynesider, "aa'll ask ye the forst yen." "Right," replied the Cockney. Seated as they were in the saloon, the thought naturally occurred to the Tynesider to ask, "Can ye spell 'saloon'?" "Of course I can," replied his London friend, "it's quite easy," and, in apparent triumph, he added, "There's a hee, and a hey, and a hell, and two hoee, and a hen." "Begor," exclaimed the Tynesider, "if 'saloon' haads aall them, let's oot o' this!"

THE ARCHDEACON AND THE STONE-BREAKER.

A good tale is told of a kind-hearted North-Country archdeacon and an old protégé of his, whose humble occupation it was to break stones by the roadside. Stopping one day to have a chat, the old stone-breaker remarked upon the hardness of his task, and the kindly archdeacon promised to look out for an easier job for him. Several times "Old John" reminded the archdeacon of his promise; but a suitable situation was slow in offering itself. About a year passed, when John, on hearing of the death of the bishop of the diocese, posted off to see the archdeacon. Says John, "Aa's cum te see ye aboot thesityation, sor." "Well, John," replied the ecclesiastic, "I'm sorry nothing has turned up yet." "Whaat!" says John, "de ye mean to say the bishop isn't deed?" "Yes, certainly, but you can hardly take that post, John." "No, sor," replied the old man, "not mysel, but aa can hire a substitoot!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Miss Charlotte Bond, of Winchester Terrace, Newcastle, a lady well known for her benevolence and philanthropy, died on the 10th of September. The deceased was a sister-in-law of Alderman W. H. Stephenson.

On the 11th of September, James Tearney, better known as "Blind Jimmy," a notorious South Shields character, died in the Union Workhouse at Harton. The police records showed that, since 1865, he had been charged before the magistrates no fewer than 123 times, the offences being almost exclusively drunkenness, disorderly conduct, assaults, and wilful damage. The deceased was 46 years of age.

Mr. Fred Gosman, who for twenty-three years had been connected with the Coal Trade Association and Mining Institute, in the capacity of assistant-secretary and cashier, died in Newcastle on the 13th of September. Apart from his official position, he was best known for his musical attainments, which were very considerable. He was fond of literary pursuits, and some time since published a work entitled "Seven Days in London," which became very popular. He further published a "Guide to Newcastle," and a yearly book recording past events in Newcastle and district.

The death took place, on the same day, of Mr. William Watson Fairles, son of the late Mr. Nicholas Fairles, J.P., of South Shields, who was murdered near Jarrow

Slake in June, 1832. The deceased gentleman belonged to one of the oldest families in South Shields, and had reached the advanced age of eighty-nine years. (See vol. for 1888, pp. 83 and 236.)

Mr. Thomas Walton, who for nearly a quarter of a century had acted as representative of the *Newcastle Chronicle* at Durham, died in that city on the 17th of September, aged 51. Mr. Walton was an energetic and painstaking journalist, and was much respected by his employers, colleagues, and the general public of the county of Durham.

Mr. David Milne-Home, of Milne Gradon, Coldstream, died on the 19th of September, at the advanced age of 85 years. The deceased gentleman was a brother of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, and assumed the name Milne-Home on marrying Miss Jean Home, of Wedderburn and Billie, Berwickshire.

Mr. Henry Salkeld, of East Boldon, who had been between the last thirty and thirty-five years a servant of the River Tyne Commissioners, died suddenly on the platform at Cleadon Lane Station on the 20th of September. The deceased was at one time a member of the Tynemouth Town Council, and had long taken an active interest in local public affairs.

On the same day, an old resident of Jarrow passed away in the person of Mr. Henry Hunting, aged 74. Deceased was manager of Messrs. Palmer and Co.'s iron-works for the space of fourteen years.

On the 22nd of September, the Rev. R. E. Beaumont died at Newsham Hall, near Winston, Barnard Castle.

The death was announced, on the 23rd of September, of Dr. Peter Hood, of Seymour Street, London. Dr. Hood was a native of Gateshead, and was in the 82nd year of his age.

On the 24th of September, the death occurred, somewhat suddenly, of Mr. R. K. Liddle, who for fourteen years had occupied the position of senior verger at Durham Cathedral. The deceased was 60 years of age.

Mr. Frederic Donnison, a well-known citizen of Newcastle, of which he was a native and a freeman, died on the 24th of September. The deceased, who was at one time connected with the Customs, but subsequently became an accountant and property agent, was 76 years of age.

On the 26th of September, Mr. John Price, formerly foreman bookbinder with Messrs. M. and M. W. Lambert, and afterwards agent for the Industrial Dwellings Company, died suddenly at his residence in Ridley Place, Newcastle. The deceased, who also devoted a good deal of time to literary work, and had frequently contributed to the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, was 60 years of age.

Mr. John Corner, for many years a merchant of Whitby, and long intimately associated with many good works for the benefit of Staithes and Remswick fishermen, died at his London residence on the 27th of September. Mr. Corner was much devoted to antiquarian and scientific pursuits, and had only recently become the possessor of the original manuscript of Captain Cook's journal of his voyage round the world.

Mr. Adam Laidlaw, head of the old-established brush-making business conducted by his family in Newcastle, died on the 27th of September, in the 64th year of his age.

The Rev. John Dodd, who for thirty-eight years had been curate and vicar of Lumley, died on the 8th of October.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER,

11.—A council meeting of the Durham Miners' Association was held at Durham, to take into consideration the owners' offer to reduce coal-drawing from eleven to ten hours. The offer was accepted, to come into force on January 1st next. The Wearmouth strike was also discussed, and it was agreed that the men should commence work at once at seven hours, and continue till the details of the ten hours were finally settled.

12.—At the invitation of the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, a large number of the payers of dues and others paid a visit of inspection to the works of the Commissioners on the river and its banks.

13.—It was announced that the number of children enrolled up to this date as members of the Dicky Bird Society, managed by Uncle Toby through the Children's Corner of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, exceeded 200,000.

—Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., addressed a political meeting at West Hartlepool. On the 20th, Sir Charles spoke at Darlington.

—Two workmen, named William Gates and Thomas Rawlings, were repairing a pumping engine in the Hetton seam of the Tyne Coal Company's pit at Hebburn, when a valve opened, and the escaping steam so severely scalded them that they died within fifteen minutes.

14.—An imposing Hospital Sunday demonstration was held by the friendly societies of Hartlepool.

15.—The boys' camp at the Links, Hartley, was brought to a conclusion. During the time the camp has been in existence this season 254 poor boys have had a holiday, in batches of about 24 at a time, for a fortnight.

—Damage, estimated at £15,000, was caused at West Hartlepool by the destruction of the paper works established a few years ago at Belle Vue by Mr. Smalley.

—A complimentary dinner was given by the representa-

tives of the Danish import trade to Mr. Councillor A. P. Andersen, at the Crown Hotel, Newcastle, in recognition of the part he had taken in effecting a settlement of the strike of Danish seamen.

—It was decided that the Newcastle noon-day prayer meeting, established by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in 1873, should be removed from the Central Hall to the building of the Young Men's Christian Association.

—A boy named Archer Goldsborough, 11 years of age, was drowned while bathing in a pond near the West Stockton Ironworks.

16.—By a majority of 11 to 8, the Stockton Town Council resolved to purchase three acres of land at £300 per acre for the purpose of adding the same to the new park.

—A workman named Benjamin Burns was killed by falling from a scaffolding at the Steel Works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. at Elswick.

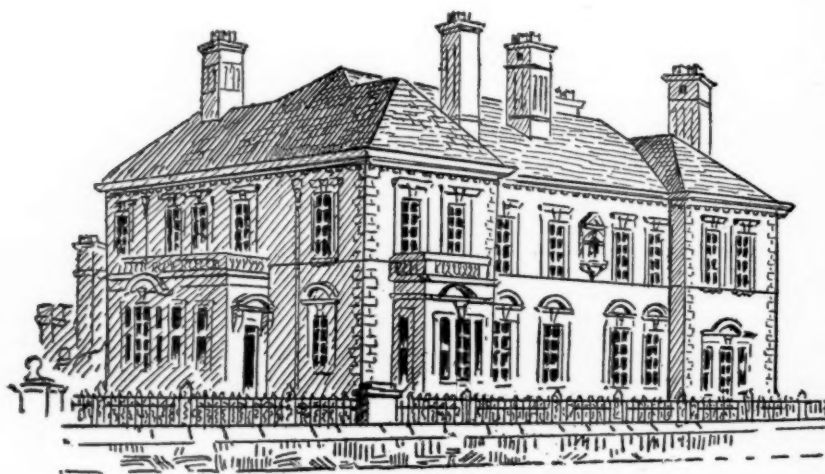
17.—The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott) opened a Jubilee Memorial Room in connection with Holy Trinity Church, Darlington.

—Mr. W. H. James, M.P., addressed his constituents at Gateshead, and received a vote of confidence.

18.—It was announced that two handsome memorial brasses had been dedicated in the Royal Dockyard Church, Sheerness, to the officers and men of H.M.S. Wasp, which, under the command of Lieut.-Commander Bryan J. H. Adamson, son of Major Adamson, of Cullercoats, was lost with all hands on a voyage from Singapore to Hong Kong, in October, 1887.

—At the twentieth annual meeting of the Committee of Management connected with the Newcastle Hospital Sunday Fund, it was reported that the total collections for the past year had amounted to £4,508 12s. 6d.—the largest sum ever received by the fund.

—In some official letters received at a meeting of rate-payers of Elswick Township, Newcastle, it was stated that George Sterling, the assistant-overseer for the township, had absconded, and that it had been found he had made false entries in the books to the amount of £1,300 13s. 3d. Against this amount securities of £800 were held,



LIFTON HOUSE, JESMOND, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

—It was stated that the Weardale Lead Company had ceased operations in consequence of the action of Durham County Council prohibiting the lead husk from the ore-washings being discharged into the river Wear.

19.—It was ascertained that bequests to the amount of £15,500 had been left to various public institutions by Mr. R. W. Hollon, of York, some years ago Lord Mayor of that city, whose remains were interred in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle, on the 19th of July last. Among the gifts were £1,000 each to the Newcastle Infirmary, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, the Zenana Mission, and the National Lifeboat Institution. The gross personal estate was sworn under £41,500.

—A shocking tragedy was enacted at Leeming, near Bedale, the victim being an acting-sergeant of police named James Weedy. His assailant, it was stated, was a small market gardener, with one arm, named Robert Kitching, against whom a coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder. Weedy was a native of Hopfen, near Bamburgh, Northumberland.

—Mr. and Mrs. Christian John Reid, of Newcastle, celebrated their golden wedding.

20.—The workmen employed at the Consett Iron and Steel Works presented to Mr. Thomas Williams, of Consett, the vice-president of the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration for the North of England Manufactured Iron and Steel Trade, a handsome illuminated address and a purse of gold.

22.—Between seven and eight thousand members of the Boilermakers' and Iron Shipbuilders' Society, chiefly from the Tyne, Wear, and Tees district, held a demonstration to celebrate the opening of new offices, &c., for the society, erected behind Jesmond Church, Newcastle, at a cost of £8,000. The opening ceremony was performed by Sir B. C. Browne, and at an evening entertainment the Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) presided. The secretary (Mr. Knight) stated that in the last twenty years the society had spent over a million for benefit purposes, and that only 3 per cent. of its income went in strikes. A sketch of Lifton House, as the new building is called, will be seen on previous page.

23.—In the afternoon, about half-past four o'clock, a

fire was discovered to have broken out on the premises of Messrs. Mawson and Swan, chemists, Mosley Street, Newcastle. Information was sent to the fire station, and the fire-brigade, under Superintendent Matthews, was promptly on the spot. The fire was confined to the cellar of the establishment, and was soon extinguished. Unfor-



JAMES GREY.

tunately, the fire, though of small moment of itself, was productive of fatal results. The men on duty were all more or less affected by the fumes of nitric acid, the bursting of a bottle of which was the cause of the disaster.



WILLIAM BOWEY.



WILLIAM MURPHY.

William Murphy was the first to fall a victim to the poison, and died between eight and nine o'clock. The deceased, who was a native of London, had been in the force about twelve years. He had also been in the navy,

and in the fire-brigade in London, having altogether served the public for about thirty years. The next to succumb was James Grey, thirty-five years of age, who died about ten o'clock. He was a native of Cromer, in Norfolk, and had been a member of the Newcastle fire brigade for about three years, having seen eleven years' service altogether. Superintendent Matthews and a fireman named William Bowey also suffered severely from the effects of the fumes. The latter, unhappily, succumbed on October 11. The calamity excited a widespread feeling of sorrow and sympathy: and amid a vast crowd of spectators, the remains of the two men Murphy and Grey were interred in Elswick Cemetery on the 25th of September. Fireman Bowey was buried at Bamborough, to which place he belonged. The Mayor (Mr. T. Bell) took prompt action in instituting a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the deceased, and a committee for receiving subscriptions was appointed at a public meeting held under the presidency of his Worship on the 26th.

—Under circumstances of great difficulty and bravery, Joseph Craig, son of James Craig, the Ouseburn hero, rescued a man, named John Armstrong, from drowning in the River Tyne, near the Ouseburn. (See vol. for 1889, p.p. 287, 334, 428.)

—In the Lecture Theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, the fourth annual public meeting in connexion with the Northern Association for the Extension of University Teaching was held. There was a large attendance. The chair was occupied by the Hon. and Rev. A. T. Lyttelton, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge.

—The annual conferences of the North of England Temperance League was held at Crook.

24.—Fifteen men were more or less severely injured by an accident caused by a sudden outburst of flame from one of the furnaces on board the warship Katoomba, of the Royal Navy (originally known as the Pandora), while the vessel was lying in the Tyne at the Elswick Works.

25.—Dr. Barry, of the Local Government Board, held an inquiry at Darlington relative to the typhoid fever epidemic on Tees-side.

27.—The new building, erected as the Grand Hotel by Mr. James Deuchar, at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, was formally opened for business. The hotel has a frontage in Barras Bridge of 140 feet, whilst the space occupied by it and the Assembly Rooms is 2,340 square yards. The front part of the ground floor consists of six shops and the principal entrance to the hotel. (See next page.)

—Miss Margaret Jenner, a young lady employed as governess to the family of Archdeacon Chiswell, was accidentally drowned in the sea at Whitburn.

—The results of the first examination held by the University of Durham for degrees in music were published. There were 81 candidates, of whom 59 passed.

—On the occasion of their silver wedding, Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd were presented by the workmen of the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Company with an

illuminated address, a framed portrait of some of the Company's workmen, and a silver salver and bowl.

—It was stated that a rich vein of lead ore had been discovered on Alnwick Moor.

—It was announced in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* that Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, had written to say that he would be happy to place his name on the list of honorary officers of Uncle Toby's Dicky Bird Society. Similar communications had also been received from Mr. Ruskin, Lord Armstrong, the Earl of Ravensworth, the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott), the Bishop of Hexham (Dr. Wilkinson), the Bishop of Newcastle (Dr. Wilberforce), the President of the Wesleyan Conference (Dr. Moulton), Professor Garnett (Principal of the College of Physical Science), and other eminent persons. A facsimile of Lord Tennyson's letter is here printed:—

Aldworth,
Haslemere,
Surrey.

Sep 19/90

Lord Tennyson says to
inform Mr W. E. Adams
that he will be happy to
place his name on the list
of honorary officers of the
Dicky Bird Society.

28.—For only the second time since its erection, about thirty years ago, the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle attended divine service in Christ Church, Shieldfield.

29.—A musical fête was given in the Rectory Grounds at Morpeth, as a welcome to the recently-appointed Rector, the Rev. H. J. Bulkeley, M.A.

30.—It was announced that Mr. Edward Lake had been appointed mineral manager of the southern division of the North-Eastern Railway, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Bailey.

—At a public meeting held in the Council Chamber,

under the presidency of the Mayor, a Public Health Society was formed for Newcastle.

—In the absence, through illness, of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham presided at the Church Congress at Hull, and one of the sermons was preached by the Bishop of Newcastle.

—A dividend of 11½ per cent. was declared at the annual meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, & Co.

OCTOBER.

1.—The Stella and Stanley tenants on the Towneley estates were entertained to dinner in the County Hotel, Newcastle, on the occasion of the marriages of Lady Clifford and Mrs. Delacour.

—It was reported that the Biscaya and Thule, the two vessels despatched from the Thames with cargoes for Siberia by the Anglo-Siberian Trading Syndicate in July last, had returned to Vardo, having discharged their outward cargoes, and loaded cargoes for England. The practicability of the Arctic Sea route had, therefore, now been fully demonstrated.

2.—The autumnal meeting of the Institute of Accountants in England and Wales was held in Newcastle.

—Three skulls, several human bones, and a large slab of stone, were found in the course of some excavations near the Stephenson Monument in Westgate Road, Newcastle.

—It was announced that the will of Mr. Thomas Belk, Recorder of Hartlepool, who died on June 24th last, had been proved, the value of the personal estate being £76,000.

3.—Sir John Gorst, M.P., Under Secretary for India, addressed a political meeting at North Shields.

—It was notified in the *London Gazette* that the Queen had granted to Mr. and Mrs. Watson Askew, of Pallinsburn and Ladykirk, her royal license and authority to use the surname of Robertson, in addition to and after that of Askew.

—The men employed in the shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, to the number of about 1,000, came out on strike against the importation of strangers to fill the places of the local joiners on strike. They shortly afterwards returned to work, however, on

the understanding that the firm would not employ strange joiners pending efforts to settle the joiners' strike.

4.—At a Blue Ribbon meeting held at the Central Hall, Newcastle, Mr. Alderman W. D. Stephens, J.P., the chairman, as local hon. sec. of the institution, made the presentation of a certificate granted by the Royal Humane Society to David Urwin, of Newcastle, for having on the 15th of June last saved the life of a boy of five or six years of age, who had fallen from the Fish Quay into the river Tyne. On the same day, the committee of the Royal Humane Society awarded its bronze medal to Stephen Renforth, brother of the late champion sculler, for saving (with the assistance of J. Bryan), W. Baker, at Gateshead, on August 6th last. The bronze medal was also awarded to J. Gogan, aged 13, for saving Patrick Collins, in the river Tees, Port Clarence, Middlesbrough, on August 17.

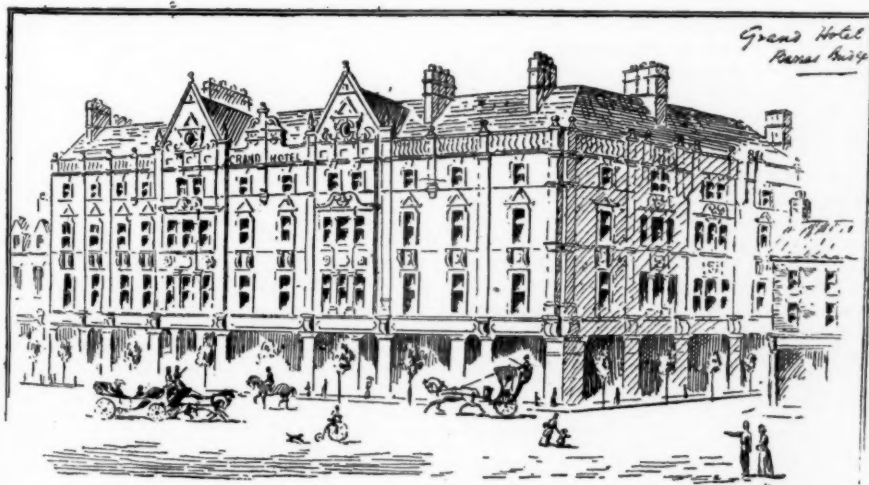
—The Northumberland coalowners agreed to further advance the miners' wages 1½ per cent., making 50 per cent. since the great strike two years ago.

—A beautiful memorial monument to the memory of the late Mr. Edward Hunter, of Dudley Colliery, one of the leaders of the Northumberland miners, and a prominent member of the Permanent Relief Fund, was unveiled in Cramlington Churchyard, by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

—An interesting ceremony took place at Tynemouth, on the occasion of the unveiling of portraits of Mr. John Forster Spence, Mr. John Morrison, and the late Mr. Joseph Spence, the founders of the Tynemouth Volunteer Life-Brigade. The portraits, which had been painted by Mr. Frank S. Ogilvie, were formally presented in the Watch House of the Brigade, by Mr. R. S. Donkin, M.P. (See *ante* page 319.)

—At the Morpeth Police Court, Lionel Middleton, a youth, 18 years of age, was remanded on a charge of murdering a servant girl, named Hughes, by shooting her, in her master's house, at West Chevington. The coroner's jury, however, found that the sad occurrence was purely accidental; and the magistrates, for the same reason, eventually discharged the accused.

—Weldon Mill, in the occupation of Mr. John Appleby, was destroyed by fire.



6.—Mr. Alderman T. Richardson, as representative of the Newcastle Corporation, was elected a governor of the Durham College of Science, in the room of Sir B. C. Browne, resigned.

—It was intimated that Mr. Alderman William Wilson had, owing to impaired health, retired from the position of chairman of the Stewards of the Incorporated Companies of Freemen of Newcastle, and had been succeeded by Mr. W. H. Willins.

—The Earl of Carlisle presided at a public meeting, held in the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle, in connection with the Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Christian Association.

8.—The fourth session of the Tyneside Geographical Society was inaugurated in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle, by Miss Colenso, daughter of the late Bishop Colenso, who delivered a lecture on "Zulu-land."

—The foundation stone of the first Board School for Benwell was laid by Mrs. Hodgkin, at Benwell Dene.

—The will Mr. William Aldam, of Frickley Hall, Yorkshire, and Healey Hall, Northumberland, was sworn at £196,742. The bequests included £100 to the Newcastle Infirmary. (See *ante*, p. 428.)

—A meeting, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, was held in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle, to bid farewell to missionaries shortly sailing for the East. The missionaries were:—The Rev. H. J. Molony, curate of St. Stephen's, Newcastle, going to Central India; Dr. W. P. Mears and Mrs. Mears, of Tynemouth, to China; the Rev. W. T. Proctor, of Durham, to North India; and Miss E. Ritson and Miss Fawcett, of Sunderland, bound for Japan.

9.—Colonel E. T. Gourley, M.P., and Mr. S. Storey, M.P., addressed their constituents at Sunderland, and received a vote of confidence.

10.—While some workmen were engaged in excavating for the cellars of Messrs. Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence and Co.'s new banking premises in Cellingwood Street, Newcastle, they came upon what was supposed to be a remnant of the great Roman Wall.

General Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

10.—During a serious riot of dock hands at Southampton, the military only succeeded in restoring order after charges with fixed bayonets.

12.—Owing to the refusal of the Government to revise the Constitution of Switzerland, a number of insurgents established a Provisional Government in the canton of Ticino. Two councillors of the Government were seized, and another—M. Rossi—was shot dead. Troops were despatched to Bellinzona, and the disturbance, which had almost assumed the aspect of revolution, was quelled. A man named Angelo Castioni was afterwards arrested in London, charged with the murder of M. Rossi.

17.—Much destruction was caused by fire to the ancient Moorish palace, the Alhambra, near Granada, Spain. The damage was estimated at £10,000.

18.—Death of Mr. Dion Boucicault, actor and playwright, aged 68.

19.—News was received from Yokohama, Japan, that the Turkish frigate *Ertogroul* and the mail steamer *Musashi Maru* had foundered. The crew of the steamer all perished, while of those on board the warship only six officers and fifty men were saved. Among the drowned was Osman Pasha, the special envoy sent by the Sultan of Turkey with an autograph letter and decoration for the Mikado of Japan.

20.—Twenty-one persons were killed and thirty injured in a railway accident on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, at Shoemakersville, U.S.

25.—Serious disturbances occurred at Tipperary, Ireland, where Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., Mr. John Condon, M.P., and other leading Nationalists, were prosecuted by the Government on a charge of conspiracy in advising tenants not to pay their rents. In the course of a collision between the police and the people, Mr. John Morley, M.P., was roughly handled.

—The president of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, U.S., issued a manifesto denying that the church teaches polygamy or plural marriages any longer.

26.—The forces of the Sultan of Morocco defeated a large band of insurgents with heavy loss in killed and wounded in the district of Tit Shokhman.

28.—An insane man committed suicide in St. Paul's Cathedral by shooting himself with a revolver.

30.—The trial of John Reginald Birchall for the murder of F. C. Benwell took place at Woodstock, Canada, when the accused was found guilty and sentenced to death. Birchall advertised for a partner in what proved to be a fictitious farm in Canada. The evidence showed that Benwell, who belonged to England, was lured into a dismal jungle and shot.

OCTOBER.

1.—Death of M. Alphonse Karr, a celebrated French novelist, at Nice, aged 82.

—As a carriage containing three ladies and two children was passing over a level crossing at Louisville, near Quebec, Canada, a goods train dashed into the vehicle. All the ladies were killed, but the children escaped without a scratch.

4.—The McKinley Tariff Bill, which greatly increased the duties on foreign articles, came into force in the United States.

—Death of Mrs. Booth, wife of the general of the Salvation Army.

6.—William Jackson, a labourer, was accidentally shot dead at Stanwix, near Carlisle, by some men who were playing with a gun.

10.—When the Crimes Act Court which had been engaged in the trial of several Irish members of Parliament met at Tipperary, Messrs. John Dillon and William O'Brien, two of the accused, were found missing. It was rumoured that both of them had gone to America by way of Havre.

—Slavin and McAuliffe, two pugilists from abroad, were sent for trial on a charge of committing a breach of the peace during an alleged prize fight at the Ormonde Club, London.